

GOD'S
OCTAVE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EMMA MUIR



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AND OTHER POEMS.



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And Other Poems

BY

EMMA MUIR.

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TO THE READER.

THE following lines, which I feel are full of faults, I dedicate to my dear Husband.

Most of them have been written under the pressure of severe bodily and mental suffering ; but if, through the power of God's grace, they are permitted to be the means by which some souls are led to a stronger faith, more earnest seeking, and truer child-like trust in God's love, what a cause for thankfulness there will be

To one so unworthy as,

Yours in Truth,

EMMA · MUIR.

123 HAM PARK ROAD,
WEST HAM, ESSEX,
March 21st, 1896.

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GOD'S OCTAVE.

NIAGARA'S waters soundeth, on, on
through night and day,
Under the silver moonbeams and sun-
light's golden ray,
Those wondrous gathered waters, those
remnants of the flood,
Their hymn ascendeth ever, unto the
throne of God.

The dusky savage knew them in his
wild hunting ground,
And there he gazed in wonder 'mid
solitude profound ;
And *we* would gaze and worship where
the dark savage stood,
Till our lips cried out in gladness, "Thy
works, O God, are good."

For as our eyes were ravished by shades
of glowing light,
We 'd revel in the beauty of mercy blent
with might,
That misty veil would show us the
octave of God's love,
Let down from "The Eternal," to lift
our hearts above.

Crimson, orange, yellow, green, blue,
dark indigo,
Majestically doth purple add to the
regal show,
Reflected in its vapour those rainbow
tints appear,
And to complete the octave, God's
white light shineth clear.

And is there not an octave in grace as
well as light,
Those spirit gifts Christ bought us, on
Calvary's dark night,
That crimson tide which, gushing forth
from His wounded side,

Gives us the power to love, God's love,
through Him the Crucified.

Then faith shall bring contentment,
while peace and hope will be
All ready with their garlands to crown
humility ;
Till praise shall sound triumphant, our
hearts with rapture beat,
Rejoicing that the octave of God's love
is complete.

Just love in the beginning, from which
this world hath grown,
And love, still love attending, around
the great white throne,
And love shall tune the voices, the key-
note " Love " will be,
Of never-ending sweetness, all through
eternity.

BUT BY ME.

SEVEN letters, did they stand
As the motto of our land,
Blazoned forth in gold and gem
Richer than queen's diadem,
That the people all might see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, carve them deep
Into oaken bas-relief,
On the pulpit, arras, stall,
Where they may be read by all—
Rich and poor alike may see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, let them trace
Filigree as fine as lace ;
Costly ornaments to vie
With the gifts the rich ones buy ;
Then those wealthy ones might see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, pure and white,
Cut in polished marble bright ;
Place them on the holy dead
Waiting Christ their living Head,
That their followers might see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, write in gold,
Quaint device as missal old ;
Bind in skin or velvet rare,
Fitted for some lady fair,
That the dainty one might see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, let them print
In the black or coloured ink ;
Hang them near the thronging crowd
Where the engine whistles loud,
So the busy one may see,
No man cometh, "But by Me."

Seven letters, large and clear,
On the mission wall appear,

Then those sad ones, sick of sin,
May a gleam of comfort win ;
Till by faith they too may see,
No man cometh, " But by Me."

Seven letters, let them rule
In the day and Sabbath school,
Shine with love into the heart,
Winning each to do their part ;
Young bright eyes would quickly see,
No man cometh, " But by Me."

Seven letters, oh ! how grand,
As we learn to understand,
Surely shall our hearts rejoice
" That one way " is God's own choice.
Grant us, Lord, Thy grace to be
Daily nearer God, by Thee.

GOD'S WILL.

My God, if I could only know
The sweet completeness of Thy will,
Then should my heart with rapture glow,
And every pulse with joy would thrill.

Thy will ! which gathered all the light
Out from the darkness, drew the line
Which separates the day from night,
Giving to us the thought of time.

Thy will ! which formed the spider's web
To hold the mist of autumn morn,
Till brilliant sunbeams light each thread
And it to jewel-case transform.

Thy will ! which caused the thunder crash,
And sent the lightning's vivid gleam,
Made minnow's tiny fin to splash
The water of the rippling stream.

Thy will ! by which the Alps uprose,
Showing the sunrise light sublime,
Gave to the valley sweet repose,
Where glow-worm's tiny lamp doth
shine.

Thy will held ocean's expanse vast,
Each tiny seed and wayside flower,
The meteor as it glances past,
And every drop of summer shower.

Thy will ! which gave each bonnie bird
The plan and skill its nest to build,
And then with love their bosom stirred
To tend the nest when it is filled.

The form of leaf on plant or tree,
The smallest insect flitting by,
The wondrous working of the bee,
And feathered down on butterfly.

Thy will decreed and man was made,
A breathing, thinking, living soul ;
Put into Eden's flowery glade,
And heaven for his destined goal.

Thy will sent prophets, priests, and kings
To teach that will until the time
Was ready for the purer things,
Which showed how Love and Will
combine.

Thy will a fitted body framed,
In which Thy only Son could dwell ;
Through it the Godhead was proclaimed
By Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Thy will He came and lived to do,
Perfect each step the way He trod,
Grand in obedience, nobly true,
Living near Him our soul finds God.

NOT I, BUT CHRIST WHO
DWELLETH IN ME.

NOT I, not I,
For this is worthless trash ;
Not I, not I,
Impetuous, weak, and rash ;
Not I, not I,
Frail as a rope of sand,
Not I, not I,
But He who can command
This worthless I,
And work in me His will,
Until I hear
His blessed " Peace, be still,"
Drink in His love,
And find my work and rest,
Lost unto self,
Upon " The Master's breast."

LET DOWN THE NETS.

O SIMON, Simon, oft do we
Just take our pattern straight from thee,
And letting down one net
Think we have really done
The Master's will, while we forget
He has some gracious purpose yet,
Some blessing to be won ;
And so we lose the larger share,
For want of a more thoughtful care.

The nets were needed safe to keep
That draught of fishes from the deep,
Which waited but His word,
In thronging numbers press
His will to do whose voice they heard ;
Their action never was deferred,
And why should we do less ?
To us how much of joy is lost,
What does our slack obedience cost ?

The finny tribe a lesson teach,
Though wisdom was beyond their reach

They hear but to obey,
And broken nets can tell
The wondrous blessing will not stay,
But come in His appointed way
Who doeth all things well ;
Oh, for the listening ear and heart !
That we may humbly do our part.

And conscience bids us oft beware,
That many nets we need in prayer ;
And, did we use them right,
Would not all grumbles flee,
And faith grow stronger far than
sight,
While brain and heart and hand unite
To work right steadily ;
If all our nets were held quite still,
How quickly would the Master fill !

Our waiting net must ready be,
For blessings oft come speedily ;
At other times they wait
Till He sees fit to send
His royal messenger of state

Round by the way of patience gate
Unto the wished-for end.

Oh ! may we not lose one delight
Through any hasty walk by sight.

Our net of faith must strengthened be
At every opportunity,

Or prayer will soon grow cold ;
But if each knot be true,
No circumstance will break it through,
And we to Christ shall firmly hold ;
Good work in us He'll do,
And will our swift obedience see
Letting both nets down to the sea.

TRUE LIFE.

OH ! for the Life, the free, free Life,
That Life which God can give,
The 'bounding joy, without alloy,
When Christ in us doth live.

This Life hath peace, the sweet, sweet
Inward heavenly balm ; [peace,
Showing our sin hath full release,
Keeping the heart so calm.

And with this peace hope ever dwells,
Sending its cheering ray
Through every adverse circumstance
We meet with, day by day.

Then love, real love, deep, earnest, true,
Which like a golden band
Surrounds us every passing hour,
Placed by Almighty hand.

We hold it all, by mystic power,
Faith in the Living Word ;
Through it the wonderful Unseen
Is known, and felt, and heard.

O Lord, we ask this gift of Thine,
That daily we may be
Filled with an impulse all Divine
Of Immortality.

For life holds no monotony
Where spirit-power leads,
Each day is filled by circles new
Of loving words and deeds.

The brain so charged with thought and
Yet holds no anxious care ; [plan,
Nothing then frets the inward man,
No trial brings despair.

We know Thy will is one with ours,
Fully to sanctify,
So wait the Pentecostal gift,
Thy Spirit drawing nigh.

ALL THINGS.

“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God.”—ROMANS viii. 28.

HOW mighty the Love,
Which the Father above,
Has promised to give to His child ;
It will conquer the sin,

And all evil within,
As we grow in His grace meek and mild.

Omnipotent charm,
That defends from all harm
Each one who will trust to its power ;
And waiting His will,
Find the promise fulfil,
Working good towards us every hour.

Do *we* love the Lord,
Then *no* thing should afford
Us a sorrow, a worry, or care ;
Each case *He* will meet,
For His work is complete,
Giving strength every burden to bear.

Should dark clouds appear,
Still there's *no* thing to fear—
They will strengthen our faith while they
The more we submit, [stay ;
Then the more we are fit
To give thanks when those clouds pass
away.

Oh, can we but say
That we grow every day
In true love to God, Father, and Son
Then all will be right,
Until faith becomes sight,
For on earth this is heaven begun.

A PRAYER.

I PLEAD Thy Name, O Jesus,
For I am full of sin ;
Washed in Thy blood most precious,
I shall be pure within.

My faith is very feeble,
My doubts like mountains rise,
I cannot grasp a promise
To check these tears and sighs.

I plead Thy name, O Jesus,
Softens this heart of stone ;
Pour in the Balm of Gilead
To make it all Thine own.

Thine, thine must be the work, Lord !
Mine be the sin and shame ;
That I no more have sought Thee,
No more believed Thy Name.

Oh, draw me to Thyself, now,
By love's own silken band ;
Then gentleness and patience
Shall be at my command.

May meekness, modest flower,
Within my heart abide,
And sweet smooth-browed contentment
Be ever at my side.

Then Peace's pure snowy petals
Thy Love, Lord, shall reveal,
And joy's bright ruby tints show
Thy gracious power to heal.

May every Christ-like grace, Lord,
Find resting-place in me,
And from all sin and self, Lord,
For ever set me free.

Oh, by Thy Spirit's power,
Grant this my earnest prayer ;
Then from that very hour
I shall lose every care.

Then shall my faith be firm, Lord,
Then shall I walk Thy ways,
And with Thy saints on earth, Lord,
Sing my Redeemer's praise.

NO SEPARATION.

ROMANS viii. 37.

No thing can separate the soul
Which daily grows in Love,
Seeking its strength and nourishment
From Him who dwells above.

Each trial then becomes a means
Of gain and not of loss,
Because we cheerfully take it up,
And bear it near His Cross.

So no distress can ever hurt
Us, if we trust in Him,
For *He* has paid the wondrous price
To ransom us from sin.

For Love He would not save Himself
One pang, that we might be
Just living monuments of grace,
From doubt and darkness free.

Feeling each day we grow more near
Unto His wounded side ;
For in His love we find our strength,
Whatever may betide.

No separation from our God,
Who makes this world so bright,
That even here He satisfies
And gives us true delight.

It is the spring of all our joys,
The life of our desire,
A growing, living power within,
A baptism of fire.

Grant, Lord, that we may really know
The sweetness of this thought,
For then shall we begin in truth
To serve Thee as we ought.

EXAMPLE.

OH, strangely wonderful, mysteriously
strange,
That power we are compelled to use
throughout our life ;
No matter where or how we live, we
cannot free ourselves
From that strange force, which aids in
peace or strife.

We do not trace one wave of thought
unto its root,
Nor follow all the windings, subtle, deep,
and keen ;
Oft do not note their power until we
find the fruit,

And then we sigh and say, Alas ! what
might have been.

That influence which quite unconsciously
we use,
May be but one swift glance, born of a
passing thought,
Touches that other life, and leaves its
impress there,
To aid in weal or woe the change that
glance hath wrought.

Responsibilities encircling every life,
As spirit's gaze grows clear, thy vastness
on us loom,
And we begin to trace though but the
outer edge
Of God's great plan of Love ; no fearful
fiery doom,

But everlasting love, that promises to
all
The strength, in full supply, to learn to
live to grow

Into the image of His Son Divine, our
Lord,
That we may know the Love from
which our love must flow.

More strangely wonderful, mysteri-
ously strange
Becomes the daily life when lifted into
Christ ;
Our thoughts, looks, words, and wishes,
never from Him range,
We have no anxious care, quite sure we
are led right.

Touching infinitude, the dignity of life
steps in,
And day by day, yes, hour by hour, we
see
E'en in the busy toil, the rush of life is
rife
With power unseen but felt, linked to
eternity.

Oh, God, as Thou wouldst have our lives
to be like Thine,

Lift us, each day, more near Thine
unseen Love,
Till we become an echo of Thy truth
sublime,
And find this world as full of Thee, as
heaven above.

Then recognise each one we meet as
being Thine,
Therefore our help to them must spring
direct from Thee ;
Let it but bear Thy touch, it shall
entwine
Some thought, look, word, or act, in true
purity.

Father, we now would give our all into
Thy care,
Work Thou Thy will in us, till we clear
caskets are
To hold Thy glory, and then by love be
made to share
Thyself ; so we as scintillating light shall
shine afar.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

I NEED Thee every hour,
 My heart cries out for Thee ;
I want by faith to know Thee,
 And Thy great love for me.

I need Thee every hour,
 On, on through all my life ;
That Thy own strength may aid me
 In all my daily strife.

I need Thee every hour,
 I cannot stand alone ;
My enemies are mighty,
 Their strength 's beyond my own.

I need Thee every hour,
 I know not what will come ;
When Satan next will tempt me,
 What *work* should *next* be done.

I need Thee every hour,
Lest I a chance should lose
Of growing in Thy likeness,
And working as Thou choose.

I need Thee every hour,
For thought and mind and heart
Must have its constant portion,
To be of *Thee* a part.

I need Thee every hour,
For sin wears strange disguise;
Dark looks light to finite sight,
And daze my mental eyes.

I need Thee every hour
In all my work or rest;
Lest ease too much should tempt me,
And *work* fail to be best.

I need Thee every hour,
That others, too, may see
How sweet and bright may be a life,
When *all* is spent with Thee.

And, oh, my heart throbs quickly,
The tears bedew mine eyes,
To think my supplication
Is heard beyond the skies.

And soon will come the answer :
My child, I'm close to thee,
And faith shall make it clearer
Till thou My face shall see.

I WILL.

“ I *will* keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Me, because he trusteth in Me.”

How wonderful the promise,
Which towers thus on high !
Like grand and mighty mountain peaks
Clear cut against the sky ;
It stands so sure and steadfast,
A help in every ill,
Shall we not rest upon the strength
Of God's complete—I will ?

'Tis spoken by the Father,
Therefore we *must* believe,
For He is our unchanging God,
And never will deceive ;
So, every doubt must vanish,
All murmuring be still ;
Ah, let it sink into our hearts,
His glorious—I will.

And closely linked unto it,
There soundeth full and free,
The separate call that makes it
So fit for you and me ;
Fresh as a sparkling fountain
Which bubbles to the brim,
Enough for each, the love of God,
Which says—I will keep him.

Yet fuller grows the promise ;
God condescends to show
The way in which He keepeth those
Who in His grace doth grow.
How true and free and perfect
Is that divine release !

God, Father, Son, and Spirit,
Will keep in—Perfect Peace.

And now, like sunset glory,
It bursts upon the view,
Showing the tender depth and power
Of God's love, pure and true.
No hard command He gives us,
But sayeth constantly—
I will keep him in perfect peace,
Because he trusteth *Me*.

Oh, how we yearn to have it,
That peace which God can give!
Oh, how we pant to know it,
That peace in Christ to live!
And yet, how clear and simple,
A child the truth might see,
I will keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

TRIALS NOT TROUBLES.

TO M. P.

NEARER to Him,
Then can they troubled be?
Nearer to that
Which doth enlighten me;
Nearer to Him
Who all the work hath done,
Nearer to that
Which shows the victory won.
Nearer to Him
Who gives the glad release;
Nearer to that
Which brings my spirit's peace.
Nearer to Him
Who bore the cross and shame;
Nearer to that
Which makes us love His name.
Nearer to Him
Whom it is joy to know;
Nearer to that
Which healeth all my woe.

Quite near to Him,
Then life indeed is bliss ;
And all things must be good,
Which lead to this.

UNSELFISHNESS.

Written for E. R.

OH, virtue pure, that bears the sway,
We'd crown thee aye with royal bay,
And bid thee with us ever stay,
Unselfishness.

The dullest spot thou canst make bright,
And homely tasks with power incite ;
Till hearts shall beat with true delight,
Unselfishness.

In many a home how sweet thou art,
So noiselessly thou dost thy part,
Quietly healing wounds that smart,
Unselfishness.

No pettishness can dwell with thee,
From sullen looks thou art quite free,
And hidden blessings thou canst see,
Unselfishness.

In thee real patience has her work,
No trying duty wilt thou shirk,
And no one's feelings canst thou hurt,
Unselfishness.

Numberless burdens thou wilt bear,
Making another's good thy care ;
Willing thy joy with them to share,
Unselfishness.

What pure enjoyment thou dost bring !
Coming like bird on silent wing,
Sweet as the balmy breath of spring,
Unselfishness.

Yet oft unnoticed dost thou dwell
'Midst selfish ones, who cannot tell
From whence the power that serves them
well, Unselfishness.

When we begin to know thy worth,
And that great Love that gave thee birth
And scatters thee o'er all the earth,
Unselfishness ;

Then, then we want thy way to learn,
Clearly thy beauty to discern ;
And pray our hearts may hold thy germ,
Unselfishness.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

IN the silence of the midnight
Do the spirits hold control,
And whisper solemn secrets
To the humble waiting soul.

In the silence of the midnight
How I long Thy love to know,
Falling like a benediction,
Healing all my sin and woe.

In the silence of the midnight
I would lift my heart to Thee,
And beseech a revelation
Of the sweetest mystery.

In the silence of the midnight
I the spirit's touch would feel,
To make Thy cross and sacrifice
So near, so true, and real.

In the silence of the midnight
Then a living Lord I need,
With tender love and sympathy
To give me strength indeed.

In the silence of the midnight
To this hope my spirit clings,
And o'er me it seems hovering
Like the waft of angel wings.

In the silence of the midnight
I need more than words express ;
A loving, growing consciousness
Of Thy sweet peace and rest.

JESUS ONLY.

ST. MARK ix. 8.

JESUS only, Jesus only,
 'Tis Thy face we wish to see ;
When we are most sad and lonely
 We would find our rest in Thee.

Jesus only, help us onward
 Through the trouble of each day ;
Though with stumbling steps and slow,
 Lord,
 Keep us in the narrow way.

Jesus only, when in danger
 Unto Thee for help we call ;
Thou whose bed was lowly manger
 Now hast power over all.

Jesus only, let Thy presence
 Take possession of our heart ;
May we feel Thy very essence,
 Then from Thee we ne'er can part.

'Tis the same, the old, old story,
Unto Thee our voice we raise ;
When in heaven's perfect glory,
Jesus only ! still our praise.

REAL LOVE.

ONE angry word or one cold look,
How deep the pain 'twill bring !
Acting as frost upon a brook,
To check its gushing spring.

As the full current deep and strong
Leaps o'er its pebbly bed,
So flows the tide of love along
By looks, words, actions fed.

But if the streamlet shallow be,
No bright green turf be near,
If shaded by no spreading tree,
It soon will disappear.

The weary traveller in vain
May seek his thirst to quell,
No sparkling drops or verdant plain
Of murmuring waters tell.

And so if love be weak and poor,
'Twill surely pass away ;
For tiny trifles, light as air,
Will wear it day by day.

But if the love be firm and pure—
True, constant, brave and strong—
Each trial will make it more secure,
And bear it safely on.

If, at the very spring of love,
Real trust stands strong and brave,
Guarding it like a spreading tree,
Affords a leafy shade,

Then confidence and candour sweet
Will e'en go hand in hand ;
Truth, gentleness, and patience meet
To form a noble band.

If, as deep banks of verdant green,
Religion's pleasant ways
Guard either side of love's pure stream
From sin and Satan's rage,

Then fear ye not that love is true,
It ever will abide ;
No time or trial, friend or foe,
Can check its flowing tide.

But where can such a love be found,
Such height of human bliss ?
Beats there a heart in all around
That feels a love like this?

Oh, doubt it not, but own the sway
Of love's most mighty powers ;
And then in truth we'll humbly say,
Yes ! such a love is ours.

FREEDOM IN CHRIST.

ROMANS viii. 2.

THY spirit's law hath made me free,
Oh, glorious thought is this to me,
I know I owe it all to Thee,
My Lord and God.

No claim is there in aught I do,
The grace and power comes all from you,
And my right actions, oh, how few !
Jesus my King.

What should I be without Thy grace,
Bereft of faith, to see Thy face,
How woful then would be my case,
Redeemer Christ.

Help me to feel it more each day,
In everything I do or say ;
May it be Thine, not mine the way,
Jehovah Lord.

Let self be daily crucified,
And I live nearer to Thy side ;
That Thou, not I, be deified,
O King of kings !

NOTHING TO FEAR.

ROMANS viii. 31.

NOTHING to fear, my soul, nothing to
fear !

In every time of doubt, Jesus is near ;
By His omnipotence, mighty to save,
Through the great ransom paid, *death* is
His slave ;

Only by faith look up, all will be clear,
Rest in His love complete, nothing to
fear.

Satan comes creeping near, tempting to
sin,
Hard thoughts and discontent murmur
within ;

Self then will try to rule, strive for the
prize,
Friends often prove but foes, though in
disguise ;
When everything in life looks so severe,
Still amid all this strife, nothing to fear.

What spear can pierce the shield faith
gives to thee?
Girt with God's truth around, art thou
not free?
Shod with the peace He gives, safe
canst thou tread,
Salvation's helmet to cover thine head,
E'en through the starless night, though
dark and drear,
Lift up thy voice and cry, Nothing to fear.

Stand by the pebbly beach, where is the
bound,
Yon mighty wave will dash with solemn
sound,
Tearing with giant strength, rock, cliff
and strand,

Wreathing with scattered foam each
point of land ;
But see that tiny child, precious and
dear,
Plays *past* the water-mark, nothing to
fear.

In those dim ages back long, long ago,
God spake that "hitherto" each wave
should know ;
So every foe thou hast cannot step o'er,
For, like that "hitherto" guarding the
shore,
God fights upon your side, safe will He
steer,
You can in triumph cry, Nothing to fear.

YE ASK AND HAVE NOT.

TO MRS. P.

Is it so, Lord, have I been asking Thee
In some wrong way, for what I yearn to
see ?

Is it so, Lord, a something in the way
I thee have sought, and still most earnest
pray?

Or is it, Lord, some doubt that takes
away [day?
The resting trust, as I seek Thee each

Or is it, Lord, that Satan takes this
Word,
And makes me doubt my prayer will
find Thee, Lord?

Full well he knows where best to find
his dart,
And from Thy Word, can pierce into my
heart.

So artful he a form like angel's make,
And my dazed sight may of his wrong
partake;

And he would keep me with a despot's
rod, [his God.
Who took the Word and dared to tempt

Lord Jesus, now lift up the veil that lies
Between Thy love and my poor mental
eyes,

That I may see Thee as indeed Thou
art,
Then not a doubt shall touch my faith-
filled heart.

LET.

“Let him take hold of My strength that he may
make peace with Me, and he *shall* make peace with
Me.”—ISAIAH xxvii. 5.

LORD, this *Let* seems to me like a grand,
mighty mountain,
Too high and too noble for my strength
to climb ;
So I turn unto Thee for a draught from
Thy fountain,
To aid me drink in this permission
sublime.

Let, and may tell me much that my
heart now doth covet,
To know Thou art willing Thy
strength to impart,
To accept each command finding soul
and mind, love it—
Ah, this is Thy strength, Lord, I need
in my heart.

Strength to grasp the full grace which
Thy love now doth proffer,
And find Thy peace glowing through
heart, mind, and soul,
Not in fear turn away from Thy wonder-
ful offer,
But give *all self* up to Thy loving
control.

For hast not Thou set, in Thy great
condescension,
Thy seal with its "shall thus" to cast
out each fear,

No, not hell, with its prince, dare curtail
the dimension,
Of love, light, and strength, which that
"shall" bringeth near.

Wrapped up in a peace which transcendeth the telling,
For words are too weak the full force
to impart,
It only is known by the Spirit's indwelling,
Revealing God's love to the sanctified heart.

THY STRENGTH IS AS THY
DAY.

As very weak and weary,
In quietness I lay,
These words came sweet and clearly—
Thy strength is as thy day.

54 *Thy Strength is as Thy Day.*

No need just now for power,
My work is to lie still
And patiently be learning,
Then bow unto Thy will.

Thou knowest I am feeble,
My strength is very small ;
The Cross Thou givest to me
Is hard indeed for all.

Help me to trust Thy wisdom,
And rest me in Thy love ;
To hear Thy voice sound softly
To me from heaven above.

Thy spirit's eye shall open
To see the work is Mine,
The Holy Ghost shall lead thee
To knowledge more Divine.

Each lesson shall grow sweeter,
Each joy more purely glow ;
The fount of living waters,
Thy thirsty soul o'erflow.

Thou wilt look up in gladness,
Though weak may be thy frame;
Each sign of gloom and sadness
Will flee before My name.

Believe I am thy Saviour,
Thy ransom I have paid,
A crown of endless glory
For thee in heaven laid.

Is thy name surely written
In the Lamb's Book of Life?
Then, where should be thy trouble,
Thy doubts, and fears, or strife?

Canst thou not rest thee calmly
Within My arms of love,
And feel that I will bear thee
Safe to the home above?

And then the sweet sound faded,
While brighter grew the dawn;
The light o'er moor and mountain
Proclaim another morn.

A calm content came o'er me,
I felt God's ways are best ;
I'll humbly strive to trust Him,
And leave to Him the rest.

AM I HIS CHILD?

ROMANS viii. 17.

OH, mighty If, how great Thou art !
Where doth Thou stand for me ?
A portal to the highest bliss,
On God's good just decree.

Can I say, Yes, I am His child,
What wondrous view folds out !
For time, and for eternity,
Without one fear or doubt.

For if a child, why, then an heir—
The thought's almost *too* grand ;
If 'twas not from the Lord Himself,
We could not understand.

An heir of *God*, what's hid beneath
Those words of truth sublime?
Why, *ever* growing holiness,
Through *all* my span of time.

For as the heir when of right age
Should *be* fit to inherit
Whatever wealth his father left,
So *shall* we grow in spirit.

Our Father's hand will guide His child
Safe through all toil and danger;
Daily more fit to share with Him,
Whose cradle was a manger.

And as from dawn the growing light
Brightens to noon-day splendour,
So all through life our hearts to Him
A glowing love shall render.

Oh, joyful thought, a child of God,
An heir of heaven's brightness;
How beautiful each life will be
Stamped with the Saviour's likeness.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ?

Written for a School Recitation.

A FIERCE battle is raging around us each
day,
Of what wondrous powers no mortal
can say ;
It appeals, fellow-creature, to me and to
you,
With the heart searching question,
Now, what can you do ?

In this battle I speak of, no steel may
appear,
No visible armour, or glittering spear ;
But it cries to us all, Will you fight with
the few ?
Oh, answer this question !
Say, what can you do ?

There's no rich silken banner, or charger
so bold,

No gorgeous procession our senses to
hold ;

But it pleads with a might, There is
right with the few,

Now, brother, pray tell us,

Which part can you do?

There's no time to be lost, if we'd help
in the fray,

For our brothers and sisters are passing
away ;

And if we have power to aid but the
few,

Shall we waste it by failing

In what we can do?

The Generals are mighty which lead on
the van,

With deep skill and knowledge their
armies they plan ;

And the cry still goes on with its accent
so true,

Come, sisters, and tell us,

Which part can you do?

Do you know the Great Captain, who
 leads the small band,
A strong faith can see Him, so noble He
 stands ;
He cheers up the faint-hearted with love
 strong and true,
And gives to the weakest,
 Some part they can do.

Oh, believe there is power with those on
 the right,
See how firm, true, and steadfast, they
 stand in the fight ;
They know that the victory will come
 to the few,
And no doubt mars the action
 In what they can do.

There patience is waiting for what may
 betide,
And content, her twin sister, stands
 close to her side ;
Faith, so clear-eyed and strong, with
 gaze full and true,

And hope, beaming with gladness, is
following too ;
Kindness there is, all ready to place on
the brow
Of thrift, temperance, and labour, the
laurels won now ;
Humility's willing to take a small place,
That trust, goodness, and meekness
have their own in the race. [band,
But time would me fail to tell how that
In this wondrous battle fight close hand
to hand.

But gaze on that phalanx where many
are seen,
What fearful companions are found
there I ween.
If they held up their character full to
our view,
We should cry out in horror,
Oh ! what can I do ?

There is self in all grades, from cobbler
to king,

Deceit offering honey, under which is
the sting ;

There is envy's false smile, her feelings
to hide,

Black hate, in rebellion all rule to
deride ;

Impudence ready his foes to attack,
And greed failing to fight through the
load on his back.

There is luxury and sloth, anger, artful-
ness, strife,

Despair's downward look—what's his
interest in life?

Indifference comes slow, discontent very
near,

Suspicion's quick start and sly stealthy
leer ;

Unitarian, deist, drunkard, and thief,
With some great men of Science ;

But my list shall be brief,

For we shrink to take time with so fear-
ful a crew,

Yet they show us each moment,

There's much work to do.

But their leader is artful, so subtle and
strong,
He looks well about him while marching
along ;
And if some weak straggler's apart from
the few,
He will send one to tempt him with
Great things to do.

Though we all have our duties, yet oft
in a day
There are moments of time we would
well give away
To win from the many, and strengthen
the few,
For there's always work waiting that
Each one can do.

So look to our Captain, He is waiting
quite near,
With strong loving power our small
barks to steer,

He will show the best way we can add
to the few,
Then we never need doubt as to
What we can do.

POSSIBILITIES OF GRACE.

POSSIBILITIES of Grace,
Has my pen the power to trace
How we speed upon the race,
Under the banner of Jesus !

Oh, the grace of faith how strong !
It will deepen as we go on
Doing right and shunning wrong,
Under the banner of Jesus.

Grace of love, how sweet art thou !
Our glad hearts to thee will bow,
Brightly pressing on just now,
Under the banner of Jesus.

Grace of peace, what wondrous power
Comes from thee when sorrows lour,
Calmness grows with every hour,
 Under the banner of Jesus.

Grace of patience, true and meek,
How thy growth we daily seek !
Knowing thou wilt aid the weak,
 Under the banner of Jesus.

Sweet content, how dost thou spread
Feast for those who truly fed
By thy power and onward led,
 Under the banner of Jesus.

Gratitude, how dost thou bring
Speedy blessings from our King !
Higher still our praise shall ring,
 Under the banner of Jesus.

Humility, O grace so rare,
Pure as lily wondrous fair ;
Yet in thee we have full share,
 Under the banner of Jesus.

Joy, thou perfume of all grace,
Thou wilt gild our daily race,
Stamping on each hour thy trace,
Under the banner of Jesus.

Holy Spirit now reveal
Christ unto us, till we feel
His indwelling power is real,
And we live by faith in Jesus.

PRAY ON.

PRAY on, pray on, O troubled soul,
Though darkness dense as night
Hath wrapt thee like a garment round,
And thou canst see no light.

Pray on, pray on ; there 's peace and rest,
And deep full joy to come,
Before you gain the Heavenly land,
If God's will 's fully done.

Pray on, pray on, the light shines clear,
Doubt not nor be dismayed ;

The power of perfect trust will come,
Though for a time delayed.

Pray on, pray on, though words should
fail,
And helpless seem thy case ;
God only waits until we see
The light from Jesus' face.

Pray on, pray on, still take thy need,
That burning wish of thine,
Close to the Cross, look up and see
The human and Divine.

Pray on, pray on, with earnest zeal,
Give doubt no time to rest,
For that will but delay the peace
You need within your breast.

Pray on, pray on, ask not the why,
For that is not thy part ;
The why is with the great I Am,
Who readeth every heart.

Pray on, pray till self-consciousness
Is crucified in Him,
Then grace renews what sin hath made
So foully stained and dim.

Pray on, pray till His image grows
To likeness all can trace,
For living Him thou wilt become
A monument of grace.

Pray on, pray on, *till* prayer becomes
A lower note of praise,
Then peace and joy and work be thine
With Him through all thy days.

IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

WHAT a gleam of brightness, doth His
name bestow ! [below ;
Glinting on the actions of His saints
What a light of glory will His name
afford ! [Lord.
In the heavenly mansions of our risen

Tiny cup of water, given in His
name,
Brings a richer blessing than some deeds
of fame ;
In the light of heaven will the ran-
somed sing,
Joyfully receiving praises from their
King.

Words and deeds of kindness, done in
Jesus' name,
Though unknown to others, on Him
have a claim ;
And in heaven's brightness, how each
deed will shine !
As it bears a likeness to our Lord
Divine.

Poor and all unworthy as each act may
seem—
Slight and unsubstantial, as phases of a
dream,

Yet look, word, and action, done for
Christ the King,
Shine with a perfection nothing else
will bring.

How they glow and glitter in the glorious light !
Where no sun is needed, where there is
no night,
As the glory chaseth all the gloom
away,
For Jesus is the brightness of that endless day.

I ASK NOT THE WHY.

WHY taken to London at all ?

That's a nut I defy you to crack,
It's too much for a mouth large or
small ;
Though Satan suggests an attack.

Why taken to breathe in the air
That was poison to every part,
Making pain so much harder to bear,
And nerves so much quicker to start?

Why, why, should the money be lost,
Pass away like a storm in the wind ;
Or as boat in a tempest be tossed,
Till it leaves not a vestige behind?

Why, why, should the artful ones thrive
And flourish, like bay tree so green,
While the honest ones struggle and strive,
Through deep waters and trials un-
seen?

Why, why, should the pain often rack?
Is a problem he'd fain have me try,
And follow the tortuous track,
To find out that wonderful why.

Ah, Satan! but that is your case:
You could give me fine reasons by
dozens—

But in every one I could trace
Such a likeness, that makes them
first cousins.

You say, Find out the why, and there 'll be
A clear light on the path you can
tread,
All mystery be taken from thee,
And knowledge be granted instead.

You say, Why is the key that unlocks
The gate of that palace so fair ?
Once enter, no other thing blocks
One way to the joys that are there.

Now, Satan, be off with your why !
With *that* I have nothing to do ;
It's strength I'm not going to try,
For 'tis held by one stronger than you.

He knows this mysterious why ;
I'm content it should rest in the hand
That was pierced, soul and body to buy,
With a love that we can't understand.

Love that promises nothing shall harm,
But *all things* shall work for our
good;

Love that keeps the soul restful and
calm,
To the body sends clothing and food ;

Love that gives the mind quiet and
peace,

Causing each anxious fear to depart,
Making all our best powers increase,
Till Christ dwell by faith in our heart.

So, Satan, be off with your why !

An answer I've given to thee ;
No doubt, you will other souls try,
But this time you've quite failed with
me.

TO MY HUSBAND.

FAIN would I greet the thirty-first
With deeper sense of all your worth ;
And tender wishes, warm and true,
That richest blessings rest on you.
Through the changes of the year,
May there be no doubt or fear ;
Every step be taken right,
Feeling all is in God's sight ;
Trust His wisdom and His grace,
To fix aright our dwelling-place,
To fix it where, through this life's day,
We best may tread the narrow way.
Finding joy with one another,
Giving help to friend or brother,
Have what's good for strength and
 health,
Better far than worldly wealth,
And peaceful Sabbaths as they come
Sanctifying all the home.

I feel as if I now could creep
Close to God's footstool and there keep,

To think that I've no power to be
A better helpmeet unto thee.
So many things I long to do,
That would bring comfort unto you ;
For all your burdens I would share,
And give my help in every care—
Oft meet you with a glad surprise
To bring the brightness to your eyes ;
Lighten the shadows of the way
In cheerful spirits day by day.

But this has all been put aside—
God bids me quietly abide
And do the work He gives to me,
Instead of that I want for thee.
And so *His work must be the best ;*
In this great thought I fain would
rest,
That by His grace I'll help you most,
Rightly to seek the Holy Ghost ;
Help in the wondrous mental strife
Which must be in Spirit's life,
Must be in all who strive to tread
In the same steps where Jesus led.

Higher and higher onward still
Until we glory in God's will ;
And if this grace be granted me,
Then a real helpmeet shall I be :
Content through all this care and pain,
Content to find my loss thy gain.
Content until in endless day
Our God shall wipe all tears away,
And you and I together be
Happy through all Eternity.

WALL-FLOWERS.

ONE of the first to show my buds
Amid the clustering green ;
One of the last to fade away
Before the north wind keen.

I need no gardener's tender care
To make me blossom right,
No house of glass or heated stove
To bring forth petals bright.

A little cranny in the wall
Holds room enough for me ;
If there my tiny seed should fall,
I bloom both full and free.

Up, up, upon some lofty tower,
My banner streams on high,
My yellow buds and bright green leaves
Seen clear against the sky.

How fine I look in some bit spot
Beside a cottage door ;
Of flowers striped and crimson dyed
I show a goodly store.

The children as they go to school
Will gather many a spray,
Inhale my perfume with delight,
And then, I'm flung away !

Some gaily painted butterfly
They chase along the road,
Or climbing up a goodly tree
To view the bird's abode.

I often grow in quiet spot,
On some great lord's estate ;
And even there my perfume sweet
Will gratify the great.

But poor or rich, it matters not,
No difference I trace ;
Yet strive my very best to fill
Aright my little space.

You see me heaped in many a pile,
And carried through the street ;
In squalid alley, foul and dim,
I send my perfume sweet.

And in the wider thoroughfare,
The passers-by will smile,
As 'mid the dust and glare they scent
My perfume for awhile.

And dirty little children run
To catch a fallen spray,
For if they find a flower or two,
With glee they run away.

And many a weary sufferer
Will greet me with a smile ;
For pleasant thoughts oft come with
flowers,
Their sadness to beguile.

Thus day by day I gather up
Smiles, laughter, gladness, joy,
And through each season do the work—
For God doth me employ.

And if I, but a common flower,
Some holy thoughts can win,
What should you? who hath reason's
dower,
Find work to do for Him.

Oh, art thou not encompassed by
Real work to do for Him—
To aid the souls which Satan bound,
And help them from their sin?

What! is your wondrous intellect,
The power of will and thought,

To pass away like idle dream,
Which no good work hath wrought?

Up! and be doing, woman, man,
Find out the Master now,
Then, close to Him, give all thy strength
To aid the Gospel plough.

HAPPY HOME.

HAPPY home, happy home, let the words
linger,
Full of sweet melodies, close to our
heart ;
Tracing each thought with love's own
fairy finger,
Ne'er from our households we'll let it
depart.

Happy home, happy home of the earth's
treasures,
This is the greatest that e'er could be
given ;

Bringing each day of our heart's deepest
pleasures,
Giving to each one a foretaste of
heaven.

Happy home, happy home, where every
member
Takes a full share in the joy, toil, and
care,
And carries the brightness of May in
December—
Then even in trouble we'll never
despair.

Happy home, happy home, Christ in the
centre,
To hallow each hour while passing
away ;
To open each heart that His own love
may enter,
Then home will be dearer through
every day.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO
DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE
THEE A CROWN OF LIFE.

OH, blessed I, oh, blessed thou,
What golden link doth bind us ;
And, set with many a heavenly gem,
What glory hath enshrined us !

The glistening light from Topaz bright
Tells of His patient dealing ;
And Beryl's gleams each moment seem
To aid our deepest feeling.

The Sapphire blue, with heaven's own
hue,
Shine there as truth most glorious ;
Carbuncle's glow, blood-red, doth show
That love hath been victorious.

Thus gold and gem united them,
That thou and I can't sever ;

Unless thy heart take Satan's part,
The Saviour's thine for ever.

From death came life, and peace from
 strife,
Good work from self-denial ;
His love to thee, so grand and free,
Brings joy through every trial.

Thus day by day His truth display,
And self we'll find retreating
Back, back to him whose presence grim
Made Eden's bliss so fleeting.

Let patience work, no duty shirk,
The great I Am will lead thee
Onward each day the conquering way,
With heavenly manna feed thee.

No earthly crown or great renown,
His love shall be thy brightness ;
And just His way to perfect day,
Then glistening robe of whiteness.

HIS FACE UNVEILED.

Written after reading a sermon by A. Brown, of Bow.

LORD,

Let us see Thy face of love
Beaming on us from above ;
Chasing every sigh and tear,
Lifting every doubt and fear ;
Winning us to follow Thee
In that love light, full and free.
So each day we grow in grace,
As we see Thy unveiled face.

Lord,

Thy holy face we 'd see,
That from evil we may flee ;
Yearn for purity within,
Shrink from every touch of sin ;
See Thy human nature true,
Learn what thou wouldst have us do ;
Strong will be our growth in grace,
Seeing that unveiled face.

Lord,
Thy face when it is sad
We would see to make us glad ;
Glad to know that Thou dost share
Every burden we must bear ;
All our sorrow then will be
Working good to us by Thee ;
Truly we shall grow in grace
When we see that unveiled face.

Lord,
Dare we ever ask to see
Thine own face in agony ?
See the woe that sin there wrought,
See the victory dearly bought,
See Thee more than Conqueror now
With the blood drops on Thy brow ;
Deeply shall we grow in grace
If we see that unveiled face.

Lord,
All sin must hateful be
When Thy dead face we can see ;
See it in the holy calm
Satan had no power to harm ;

With its majesty of peace,
Testifying our release ;
Restful be our growth in grace,
Gazing on that unveiled face.

Lord,
Thy face with radiance bright,
In its resurrection light,
Showing us the victory won,
And the great work fully done,
Nothing left for us to do
But to share the joy with you ;
Glorious be our growth in grace
While we see that unveiled face.

LOOK UP.

LOOK up, although we may not see the
light that there is shining ;
Look up, for only there is strength to
keep us from repining.
Look up, until we catch the gleam from
Jesus' face so glorious,

Look up, for His great love in us shall
 prove at length victorious.
Look up, that we may catch His light as
 clouds when sun is setting ;
Look up, that by His peace inwrought
 the soul is kept from fretting.
Look up that there may be revealed the
 truth of love and beauty ;
When we look up there shines the light
 on every daily duty.
Look up till life becomes a spring of
 constant growing pleasure,
For God's own love is just the source of
 untold hidden treasure.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

“The Lord be with thee.”

OII, can I ask a greater gift,
 Or breathe a better prayer,
Than in your thoughts and words and
 ways,
The Lord may have His share!

Ruling all powers thou dost possess,
With His expanding grace ;
That in each circumstance of life
You rightly fill your place.

Giving the Lord the first of all,
How nobly wilt thou live !
And in the grace that owns thy gifts,
His love more joy will give.

We know not till the Spirit comes
What power we have to do,
Even the trifling acts of life,
With highest aims in view ;

We cannot tell the joy of faith
Till that joy fill the breast ;
Nor can we know how sweet His peace
Till His peace we possess.

The joy and peace which come from faith,
True, simple faith in Him,
Will leave *no void*, for Christ Himself
Will fill life to the brim.

How full the living waters flow,
All dross to purge away !
No room for sin to bud and grow—
The Lord with thee will stay.

Not as a stranger comes and goes,
Perhaps at eventide ;
But at the daily social meal
He ever will abide.

Nearer and nearer thou wilt grow,
As branch unites to vine,
Thought answering thought, heart beat
with Him,
Closely as tendrils twine.

And though the everlasting life
Here only can begin,
And thou must wait a purer world,
The higher bliss to win ;

Yet even here, how sweet and bright
The daily life can be !
The promise still stands firm and true :
The Lord will be with thee.

So let us hail the thirty-first,
With praise for every grace,
And seek each passing year to be
More fit to see His face.

THE OTHER SIDE.

O POWER that maketh two hearts one,
O stream which hath no tide,
But deeper, fuller, brighter flows, on to
The other side.

O Love which lightens every woe,
As on life's stream we glide,
Thou dost bridge over death itself, safe to
The other side.

O Spell, what mystic influence thou,
Which in few hearts abide,
In such deep, tender, clinging strength,
to reach
The other side.

O Bond that binds so closely dear,
That nothing can divide,
But with a purer flame will glow, when on
The other side.

O Breath from Him who gave the power,
What joy Thou dost provide
For those who love and look to be, com-
plete

The other side !

O God, whose highest name is Love,
Come, in our hearts abide,
That one in Thee we here may be, and on
The other side.

NOT WORTHY TO WORK.

AH, Satan ! what ? you here again,
You always know where to find me ;
Well, I think I have strength to sustain
Another small battle with thee.

Don't hurry, don't hurry to-day,
For your parcel is done up with care,
As if you quite meant to display
A tempting bit so rich and rare.

Just something to make me consent
To your verdict, and say 'tis quite
right,
That of walking by faith I repent,
And henceforth I'll try walking by
sight.

Oh, open your parcel, I pray,
Its contents I must plainly see ;
For so artful and sly is your way,
You would say black was white to
tempt me.

'Tis only suggestions you bring,
Which might not occur to *my* mind ;
If I think out and reason the thing,
I shall find them both helpful and
kind.

Looking back to the past, I must know
How the time passed with nothing
to do ;
And the hours dragged heavy and slow,
While no work that I wished came to
view.

Well, Satan, I take up your hint,
And let my thoughts follow the track ;
The trouble and time I'll not stint,
To answer this artful attack.

I left London with eager delight,
To dwell in the country so fair,
And drank in each beautiful sight,
For of blessings I had a large share.

How friends gathered round I well know,
With actions and words full of love ;

In return I had naught to bestow,
But thanks to our Father above.

How I welcomed those tracts as a work
Through which even I might do good !
By thus teaching no one could be hurt,
For they told them of spiritual food.

I felt knowing of Jesus would be
The power to put all wrong right ;
How dirt, drink, and vice must then flee
From those blessed with spiritual
sight.

And the Bible-class, yes, I was glad
To have those girls gather around ;
I was often more hopeful than sad,
For I prayed that good fruit might
abound.

Oh, yes, Satan, I freely confess,
From all this I was taken away ;

And the trial no mortal can guess,
How my heart yearned and pleaded
to stay.

Then to utter good-bye to each friend
Was such tender and exquisite pain ;
Though many were earnest and true,
I expected to see them again.

And my heart often aches with desire,
Once more in that dear spot to be ;
Feelings *come as* if they were inspired
That my work there is waiting for me.

Now, Satan, I open your wares—
'Neath these covers and wraps, what
dost lurk ?
Why the centre bit briefly declares,
'Tis because I 'm not worthy to work.

Oh, Satan, what trouble you take
To rub up my bump of conceit ;
But in this, like the "Why," I must make
Not an instant's delay to defeat.

Not worthy to work ! understand,
I always unworthy must be
In that work purely noble and grand,
That takes not one moment to see ;

And unworthy I ever shall be,
To tell of the love that did give
All those years of the glorious bliss,
To teach sinful creatures to live.

Tell of patience, so noble and grand,
That bore contradiction and sneers ;
And with meekness of power did stand
'Midst the scoff of those foul Roman
jeers.

Tell of *one* life quite free from all sin,
Which He lived in the flesh on this
earth,
Ever ready the weakest to win,
Till they sought from Him spiritual
birth.

Can I ever be worthy to plead
With others to trust in His Word ;
To seek till their souls too may feed
On the Fountain of Life from the
Lord ;

Till they learn what *He* came here to
teach—
That *this* life may be flooded with
bliss ;
For *He* brought that pearl within reach—
Oh, yes, I 'm unworthy for this.

So, Satan, you 're wasting to-day,
And useless is all your disguise ;
You may just take your parcel away,
'Tis, as usual, a packet of lies.

EDUCATION.

I 'd crave a little explanation
Of what you mean by Education :

Surely it cannot be, my dear,
That, now you move in first-class
sphere,
You wish to have within your reach
The ready word or well-turned speech ;
To talk as glib of things at Rome,
As those you daily see at home ;
Or speak of many a king whose reign
In France or Italy, Greece or Spain,
Were marked by some event so great,
Or how he kept up sumptuous state ;
How for a mad king they invented
Those cards, and many have repented
That ever they beheld the face
Of king or queen, of knave or ace.
Don't think I've any inclination
To write a sneer at any station ;
I've true respect for each and all—
The high and noble, rich or small—
But this is what I most resent,
That in the mass so few 're content ;
Think of the many in this nation
So discontented with their station.
Instead of trying with all might

To make their tiny circle bright,
Doing their best each day to give
Some joy to those with whom they live,
They tread upon their neighbour's
ground,
And show surprise because they found
So many prickly thorns and briars
To irritate their own desires ;
And civilisation made it worse,
Whether we worship mind or purse,
So many things are twisted round,
The trumpet gives uncertain sound,
Among the rest in consternation,
Is this high-sounding Education !
Yet often are we made to feel
'Tis like thick varnish over deal,
Not honest polish by the hand—
If 'twas, then we could understand
Whether the wood was good or no,
If fit for use or only show ;
Could trace each mark and fibrous vein.
But this I earnestly maintain
That people often make mistake
With those they think they *educate*.

The word itself aright defined,
Means nurture, discipline of mind ;
'Tis something higher, nobler, better
Than all they teach by form or letter ;
Not graceful flow of words and prattle,
As if our tongue were doing battle.

But clasp my hand and we will rise
To fairer views and brighter skies.
Just think how grand is the foundation
When God begins our education !
How deep He dives within the heart
To sanctify each hidden part !
Lay but our will before His feet
And He will make the work complete.
Then love becomes both pure and holy,
And, though we note the growth but
slowly,

It grows with every little trial,
Until the power of self-denial
Becomes a clear and well-known part,
Rooted within a Christian's heart ;
For deep's the trench where self is laid,
And with humility 'tis paved ;
How vanity must slink away

Before the power of Gospel ray,
Not only vanity of station,
Of look or dress or education,
But that of a more subtle kind,
When praise can elevate the mind ;
And like to Nebuchadnezzar's feeling
A gladness o'er our senses stealing,
Till satisfaction sits in state,
Before we know she's in the gate.

I do not mean that sweet sensation
When God shows us His approbation,
After sore struggle and prayer, maybe,
When grace has gained the victory ;
Nor do I mean when one most dear,
Whose deathless love is mixed with
fear

Lest we should say or do a wrong,
Knowing our enemy's so strong,
That if we leave the smallest place
Unguarded, he will find the space ;
But when a loved one gives us praise,
'Tis food to last for many days,
And God permits us such to eat—
The manna was itself most sweet ;

Then every day as God works more,
So all our pleasure will be pure ;
If we enjoy because He gives it,
We shall not cloy when we receive it ;
Then sweet content will fill the part
That 's built for her in every heart ;
It keeps the lips from many a grumble,
And guards the feet from many a stumble ;
Opens our eyes to joys unknown,
That thickly cluster round our home.

And if we have this grand foundation,
We each may build our education.
Art ! build thy edifice most fair,
With pinnacles and arches rare—
Picture the galleries with food
For mind and eye in all that 's good ;
And music ! let the joyful sound
Of melody float all around ;
Measure the heavens, name each star,
Learn of the countries near and far,
The mountains grand, the cedars tall,
The desert sand, the waterfall ;
Class every flower that gems the ground
And beautifies this earth around ;

As time and wealth and health are
given,
Each day, more fit for earth and
heaven,
Should we be sure that we inherit
A double portion of the Spirit—
It then will give us small vexation
If we lack earthly Education.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE
LORD.

May 31st.

EVERY bit of my burden,
O Lord, I'd give to Thee ;
I crave for that grand liberty
By which Thou dost make free.

Every bit of my burden,
I would not keep a share,
But casting it before Thy Cross,
I'd leave it in Thy care.

104 *Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.*

Every bit of my burden,
For I would walk upright,
With joy fulfil my daily work
Completely in Thy sight.

Every bit of my burden,
Or it will mar my speed,
And spoil the power of heart and
mind
Which every day doth need.

Every bit of my burden,
No clouds want I between ;
But love, and joy, and peace to flow
From Thee the great Unseen.

Every bit of my burden,
Then dark despair will hide
Its puckered brow and dismal look
Far from Thy wounded side.

Every bit of my burden,
And I shall be quite free
From all the bondage Satan tries
Each day to cast round me.

Every bit of my burden,
Lord ! is it really true
That I should live without a care,
And all should fall on you ?

Oh, send Thy Holy Spirit !
That I may clearly see
My every care is truly Thine,
And Love, Thy Love 's for me.

COL. i. 19 ; ii. 9.

FOR it pleased the Father, oh wonder-
ful thought,
How free the salvation for sinners Christ
bought ;
For it pleased the Father, and glad
should we be
To rejoice in the goodness which thus
set us free ;

For it pleased the Father who *all* things
 does well,
That in Jesus our Saviour, all fulness
 should dwell ;
For it pleased the Father, in Christ to
 complete
A safe narrow pathway for stumbling
 feet ;
For it pleased the Father, whose full
 name is Love,
To hold out the hand-clasp from
 heaven above ;
For it pleased the Father, the weakest
 to win,
By lifting the barrier to let them all in ;
For it pleased the Father a body to give,
Prepared where the Godhead in Jesus
 could live ;
For it pleased the Father that bright
 crimson stain
Should sprinkle the pathway for deaf,
 blind, and lame ;
For it pleased the Father, yet how can
 we tread

On that holy ground where the Saviour
hath bled ?
For it pleased the Father, and Satan
must feel
He was but permitted to bruise the
Lord's heel ;
For it pleased the Father, then loud let
us sing,
And grow in the knowledge of Jesus our
King ;
Each day in the sunshine of love, we can
tell
That in Jesus our Saviour God's fulness
doth dwell.

JUST AS THOU WILT.

JUST as Thou wilt, Lord,
Sickness or health ;
Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Poverty, wealth ;

Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
If I'm only Thine,
To serve Thee on earth,
Then in glory to shine.

Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Teach me the way
Daily to seek Thee,
To serve and obey.
Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Shall be all the rest,
For well do I know
That Thy way is the best.

Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Live Thou in me ;
Happy my life, Lord,
Joyous and free,
To one so unworthy,
If grace be but given
To tread the bright pathway
From earth up to heaven.

Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Satan is strong ;
Stretch out Thy hand, Lord,
To keep me from wrong ;
And when he is tempting
Me to the broad way,
Lord, send me Thy Spirit
For fear I should stray.

Just as Thou wilt, Lord,
Make my will Thine ;
In every trial
I ne'er shall repine.
My faith will be steadfast,
And firm to the end ;
The love that has bought me
Will always defend.

ALMOST SAVED.

ALMOST saved, almost saved !
Sadly the words ring out to me,

Like the boom of a gun from a sinking
ship,
Sounding over the stormy sea,
Almost saved.

Almost saved, the land so nigh
That loving ones could clearly hear,
In the midst of the roar of the troubled
sea,
That wailing, piercing cry of fear,
Almost saved.

Almost saved, as still they see
Those twinkling lights along the shore ;
Which so tauntingly gleam to despair-
ing eyes
So near the well-known cottage door,
Almost saved.

Almost saved, some tiny sin
Tempted them with its smiling face ;
Till it led far away from the narrow
path,
Deeper, deeper into disgrace,
Almost saved.

Almost saved, they thought no wrong
Just to step off from God's straight
way ;
There could be no harm, 'twas done all
around,
Yet those poor souls would have to
say,

Almost saved.

Almost saved, 'twas angel eyes
They thought would lead them on the
road ;
And they deemed it right to follow the
track
Which led away from God's abode,
Almost saved.

Almost saved, a little more
Of wrestling with the tempter's power ;
Had they sought for His aid, with a
firmer faith,
Never would come that gloomy hour,
Almost saved.

A BEE'S SOLILOQUY.

"If no honey, then wax."

O JOY, I can't find thee to-day,
Come patience, let us plod away
 And stop my moaning ;
O sweet content, where canst thou be ?
Well industry, I 'll bide with thee
 To cease from groaning.
Ah, praise with thee the woods should
 ring,
But perseverance help shall bring,
 Lest work should tire.
And gratitude, hast thou too fled ?
Then faith shall fill the place instead
 And aid desire.
I fain my heart with peace would fill,
Humility abide here still,
 I 'll not stop growing.
O Bee, could I but learn of thee
And use each opportunity
 Of God's bestowing,

Until I really see His love
Shine clear on me from Christ above,
And my glad heart can send back love
Fresh, full, and glowing.

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR
THE MORROW.

ONE day at a time, one day at a time,
How sweetly those words can tell
That the wisdom and love *are* all Divine
Which measured my strength so well.

One day at a time, one day at a time,
'Tis surely enough for me ;
If the light from Thy face on each duty
shine,
It must bring me nearer Thee.

One day at a time, one day at a time,
There's plenty of work to do ;
But the work which I crave must all be
Thine—
I would labour with the few.

One day at a time, one day at a time,
Take my powers and let them be
Made pure by Thy love, till all combine
To lead a soul to Thee.

One day at a time, one day at a time,
My strength with *Thy* joy now fill ;
Let a pulse of Thy life make my own
sublime,
As I work into God's will.

One day at a time, one day at a time,
In simple trust I say
That the wisdom and love are all Divine
Which guideth me through each day.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

May 31st.

NOW what shall I wish you? a full self-
surrender
To Him who hath borne all thy
sorrow and sin,

And proveth Himself a completed
Redeemer [win?

By giving the power each victory to

Now what shall I wish you? a peace
ever flowing

Through the water and blood from
His spear-riven side ;

His peace which *Thy trials* shall aid in
the growing,

Then *nothing* shall harm thee whate'er
may betide.

Now what shall I wish you? a trust so
resplendent,

Just wedged between mountains of
faith in the Lord,

No thing can disturb, 'tis securely trans-
cendent, [Word?

Because the foundation is built on His

Now what shall I wish you? a faith so
clear-sighted,

That invisible things in their power
are near?

Then the thickest of clouds will not find
thee benighted,
For Christ is the compass by which
thou wilt steer.

Now what shall I wish you? a love deep
and glowing
To worship the Lord in the strength
of thy soul,
And finding Him ready, His own love
bestowing,
Engulfing thy heart where no tide
doth control?

Now what shall I wish you? a joy full
of brightness
To dwell in your heart as you live
through each day?
Then the cares and the trials of earth
will find lightness
As you consciously walk in the
strait, narrow way.

Now what shall I wish you? a dignified
meekness,
As you walk on this earth with His
calm in thine heart,
May the praises of men or their blame
find no weakness,
Nor Satan get room to discharge a
swift dart.

Now what shall I wish you? why, bless-
ings unnumbered,
That circles a home, where the souls
learn to see
That *true* work for the Master is free
and uncumbered ;
And this work I ask Him for thee
and for me.

THIS SPACE TO LET.

On the blank page of a letter these words were
written—*This space to Let.*

THIS space to let, come, let me try
Some thoughts to borrow, beg, or buy ;

This empty space wherewith to fill,
To do it well is past my skill.

This space to let, now oft might we
Write this above our memory ;
So many blessings are forgot,
So dolefully we bear our lot.

This space to let, 'twas never meant
That we should rest with this content ;
But strive to have no empty space,
With good work filling up each place.

This space to let, God grant that we
May do His work with energy ;
For taint of sin, remember, yet
Clings close around each space to let.

This space to let, soon Satan's eye
The smallest vacant space will spy,
And quickly send some evil thought
To fill the space he never bought.

This space to let, O Saviour dear,
Send to us, from Thy own bright sphere,
Thy Spirit good our hearts to fill
With love unto Thy blessed will.

That every space may bear its fruit,
From Thine own self its spring and root ;
Then we'll not murmur with regret,
Would I had left no Space to Let.

ALL ON THE SURFACE.

ALL on the surface, and no thing beneath,
Like a vine full of leaves, or no sword in
the sheath ;

All on the surface, the show and parade,
With their bows, smiles, and compliments,
all ready made ;

All on the surface, the coat must fit well,
Or society's frown at the culprit will tell ;
All on the surface must follow the code
Of fashion, in each thing be quite *à la*
mode ;

All on the surface, the cut of the vest
Must be perfect ! no matter what heart 's
 in the breast—
It may swell high with passion, or turn
 cold with hate,
It may revel in envy at other's estate.
But if all on the surface be calm and
 serene,
Who heeds any tempers that dwell there
 unseen ?

LIVE TO GOD.

No matter where should be my lot—
Be it a palace or a cot ;
To throw the shuttle, turn the clod,
Be this my motto—Live to God !

If it be wealth with grand estate,
Or toil from early morn till late,
Or tremble at a despot's nod,
Be this my motto—Live to God !

To never have one moment's ease,
Or never do one thing I please,
Or look for rest but 'neath the sod,
Still be my motto—Live to God!

Though every day should bring much
 care,
And great the burden I must bear,
I'll humbly bow beneath the rod,
And keep the motto—Live to God!

SYMPATHY.

ALTHOUGH I am a stranger,
 Yet how pleasant it will be,
If like a gleam of sunshine
 I brought comfort unto thee.

For I know you must be weary,
 So tired of sitting still;
While hands and feet are wanting
 To move just as you will.

You see so many duties,
And wish each one to do ;
To sit still is so irksome,
Almost too much for you ;

And I can just feel with you,
I know how great the loss
Not to have power to move about,
That is a daily cross.

Yet liberty is given,
There are three paths to choose ;
And 'tis my past experience
I give for you to use.

First, I could be rebellious,
And say it was not right
That I should just be put aside
From work that was delight.

And why should other people
Have power to come and go ?
While I in weary pain should count
The hours that drag so slow.

And oft my mind was fretted
In thinking of my cross ;
And many an hour I wasted
In pondering o'er my loss.

A second way was open :
I could sit in sullen mood,
Bearing the great monotony,
Taking my daily food ;

The done could not be undone,
All my talk would be in vain ;
If I was fated here to sit
I had better not complain.

But a third way yet was offered,
Very narrow to my view ;
And patience must be taken up,
If I would travel through ;

Self must be placed in bondage,
And grace must have full power
To lop off every useless twig
That sprouteth any hour ;

I must never put a limit
To weariness or pain,
But rest upon the promise given
That loss would yet be gain ;

Believe and trust, trust and believe,
God doeth all things well ;
The why must be put on one side,
What 's best to me He 'll tell.

And as the weeks thus lengthen out
To months, and on to years,
How graciously He helpeth me
Through all my doubts and fears.

Each day He giveth to me power
To live within the day ;
Each morning He is waiting still,
To help me on His way.

What He has for to-morrow's strength,
That need not trouble me ;
It may be light upon a path
I shall delight to see.

The clouds at any moment's time
May let the sunshine through ;
I only need to know His Will,
And seek that Will to do.

WITH A GIFT.

“Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled,
Gold, gold, gold, gold.”

HOOD.

THUS said the man whose ready wit
Could make the lines so quaintly fit,
That reading was a pleasure.
Whose subtle brain could twist and
turn
To use the words which others spurn,
Such wit's a boundless treasure.

But my poor brain can not compare
With such keen power, rich and rare,
I could not write a sonnet.

For difference vast be understood,
'Twixt him whose head could own a
Hood,
And one who wears a bonnet.

Now to commemorate this day,
And make its memory live for aye,
I send this golden present.
Though small its worth, thou 'll not re-
fuse,
Often the little gift to use,
With recollection pleasant.

The stars and stripes thereon engraved,
May illustrate the light and shade
To us in this life given.
So near each other yet apart,
Like joy and sorrow in a heart,
When pressing on to heaven.

O happy thought for us to know
'Tis stars above, and stripes below,
If we believe the Word;

And looking forward clearly see
An endless, bright eternity,
For those who love the Lord.

But now my earnest wish shall be,
That when this gift is used by thee,
'Twill always strengthen right.
That goodness, honesty, and truth,
Those sure, safe guides to age and
youth,
May aid thee in life's fight.

O Pen, how wonderful thy power
For ill or good in one short hour,
Should gifted mortal use it.
Few of thy strokes it takes to make
A vast amount of cash at stake,
Your trust, should friend abuse it.

How great our trial is none can tell,
Save Him who doeth all things well,
And knows our one desire :

That we like gold, when sorely tried,
May come out clean and purified,
By passing through His fire.

AN APPEAL FROM A SICK-BED.

SISTER, turn from sin and sorrow,
From all the tempting paths of guilt ;
Come to Him who gently calls you,
For your soul His blood was spilt.

Sister, turn from guilty pleasure,
Though hard the struggle, great the
pain ;
Come to Him who now will help you,
And take away your sin and shame.

Sister, turn from Satan's whisper,
That 'tis too late for such as you ;
Come to Him who has the power,
Now to create your heart anew.

Sister, turn ; our hands are open
To welcome yours with loving clasp ;
Our hearts in tenderness are yearning,
To rescue you from Satan's grasp.

Sister, turn ; no looks of scorning
Will Christians dare on you to cast ;
But humbly strive to help the erring,
To turn from all the bitter past.

Looking back through many ages,
See, there a crowd is pressing on ;
In the midst a helpless woman,
Whom they regard with bitter scorn.

Placing her before the Saviour—
How great the sin which makes her
feel—

She cannot meet His gaze so holy—
Nor dare she as a suppliant kneel.

Droopingly she stands before Him,
With downcast eyes and heaving
breast ;

130 *An Appeal from a Sick-Bed.*

How deep she feels her degradation,
By words can never be expressed.

Scarce she hears those clamorous voices,
Each eager for an answer now ;
“ Rabbi, Master,” so says Moses,
“ Hear us, tell us, what sayest thou ? ”

Scarce she heeds the sudden silence
Which follows on the Master’s voice ;
Or her poor brow would cease its
throbbing,
And her sad heart would then rejoice.

Hark ! swelling on the solemn stillness,
No harsh rebuke comes sounding o’er ;
But gentlest, tenderest words of pity :
“ Daughter, go and sin no more.”

Oh ! yes, methinks till life’s last hour,
Though battling with temptations
sore, [power—
Those precious words ne’er lost their
“ Daughter, go and sin no more.”

TO A. B.

FAR away from the Master,
My dear, how can that be?
For is it not a glorious fact,
He's never far from Thee.

Far away from the Master,
I cannot think 'tis so;
But just some earthly mists which rise
To keep thy spirits low.

Oh, think how near was Mary,
How earnest she did plead:
Sir, tell me where you laid Him,
That I may go with speed.

How very near the Master,
When they cried out with fear,
In the misty gloom, before them loom,
A spirit coming near.

How near in early morning,
When He stood on the shore,

It was not till the wondrous draught
That John knew Him once more.

Near to them was the Master,
Discoursing by the way ;
But eyes were held, though lips did
cry,
Abide with us I pray.

And are not our eyes holden ?
We cannot understand,
He ever waits in love so strong,
To take us by the hand.

Though Satan's ever ready
To make our doubts seem true,
With art together he ties our I's,
And turns them into U.

U ought not to have done this,
And that U ought to do ;
His great keynote's a spurious one,
'Tis U, and U, and U.

Yet often do we listen,
And then we look within ;
Till U and I such a burden prove,
That we see nought but sin.

And is not this our failing,
Ah, well does Satan know
If Christ were ruling *all* our thoughts,
Each doubt and fear would go.

So you and I will trust Him,
Then will He draw us near,
Till faith shall clasp His nail-scarred
hand,
And love cast out all fear.

BOYS WITHOUT SOULS.

Suggested by a Conversation with Mr. C.

GOING home to my lodging weary,
My spirits low and sad,
As I thought of the little progress
I made with each ragged lad.

Then I knelt before Our Father,
Who doeth all things well,
And prayed that His Holy Spirit
Might soon in each young heart dwell.

But my tired head scarce rested
On the pillow soft and clean,
When away my thoughts were drifted
In a strange and vivid dream.

I was treading the well-known pathway,
Each house and shop I knew ;
And had often counted the paces
Which would bring the school in view.

Soon I reached the well-known doorway ;
My watch, thought I, is wrong ;
I'm too early by this deep silence—
No scuffle, or voice, or song !

I slowly went to the schoolroom,
The scene there kept me mute ;
For each lad in my class kept silent,
No chuckle or rough salute.

I knelt, for the bell was ringing,
And gazed with eager eyes,
As they bent in a measured movement,
Which added to my surprise.

I was seated with open Bible,
And tried each face to scan ;
I wanted some clue to this silence
Before the lesson began.

Why, Bob, Tom, Jack, William, Harry,
What's the matter with all of you ?
Then each head was lifted in silence,
While horror thrilled me through.

No gleam of defiance or mischief,
No saucy smile was there,
But a glassy cold and senseless gaze ;
Then my heart sank in despair.

I wanted my boys to be quiet,
Each lesson learnt aright ;
Obedience to every order
Would have given me delight.

I had wrestled with earnest longing,
The narrow path to tread,
And prayed that each youthful scholar
Might in that same path be led.

But these soulless looks awakened
A new and startling thought—
Was I wrong in my way of teaching,
Had all *self* been where it ought?

So I cried aloud in my terror :
O Christ, Thou art the goal ;
Let me bear the burden of patience,
But restore each boy his soul.

I awoke, for the sun was shining
On me with brilliant beam ; [ing,
My heart throbbed with true thanksgiv-
That it only was a dream.

But what a lasting lesson
That vivid dream has taught,
An ever-living blessing,
To all my power of thought.

Each boy stands on the merit
Of Christ's great work for me,
Each soul bought by the Ransom,
Whose power can make us free.

But time does pass so quickly,
My class is quiet now ;
Not with that horrid silence,
For thought sits on each brow.

Tom's eyes still have a twinkle
Of mischief, in the blue ;
And William's lost their sullen look,
Though almost black in hue ;

Bob's grey orbs often glisten,
For Christ is all my theme ;
I feel more tender o'er them
Since that vivid, dreadful dream.

So with much prayer to Jesus,
I help them fight all sin,
And expect no reformation
From *without*, but from *within*.

SORROW.

HUSH, tread gently, Death's dark arrow
 Has struck here—our flower is dead ;
Gone to bloom in heavenly mansions,
 Where no tear of sorrow's shed.

Oh, how dark and strange the curtain,
 Which hides the cause of this deep
 woe ;
Why pass again through troubled water,
 See another dear one go ?

Were the tendrils *too* clinging,
 Which tiny lips and hands had wove ?
Were our fond hearts their garlands
 flinging
 Too close round our treasure trove ?

Had the precious baby prattle
 Deadened higher, heavenlier sound ?
In all the fight of earthly battle,
 Were we getting too earth-bound ?

Thou who knows our hearts' deep feeling,
And works all things by *Thine* own
will ; [ing,
In our breasts, like heaven's chime peal-
May we hear Thy—Peace be still.

With hushed lips and hearts o'erflowing,
Touched with Thy great love to us ;
We find our life near to Thee growing,
Trial purifies us thus.

MY FRIEND.

To dear Mr. Fox.

MY Friend ! there's magic in the words,
More sweet than siren's song ;
They touch the heart's deep tender
chords,
And, as they float along,
'Tis like some lovely mountain rill,
Whose silvery notes are never still.

My Friend ! whose love we fully trust,
Deep, tender, firm, and true ;
'Tis no spasmodic sudden gush,
But strong and ever new,
Up-springing like a lovely flower,
Made perfect by the sun and shower.

My Friend ! the link that binds our
hearts
Was never forged on earth,
So finely wrought in all its parts,
Must be of heavenly birth ;
From Him whose spirit can bestow
A gift without a flaw to grow.

My Friend ! how can we praise His
name,
Who caused us to be
So wonderful in mind and frame,
Yet with a *will* so *free*,
That we can use it any way,
And through Christ's love, *God's Will*
obey.

My Friend ! what will the Lord reveal,
As we shall know Him more ?
What strength of spirit-life unseen,
That we may Him adore,
And know a joy that has no end,
The bliss wrapped up in a real friend.

NEW YEAR, 1879.

A HAPPY New Year
To all who are here,
Though sorrow has steeped us in gloom ;
Yet since Jesus died,
On the cross crucified,
There's a light on the path to the tomb.

Our dear one has gone,
Our loss we must mourn,
Her place here will know her no more ;
Those sweet gentle ways
From infancy's days,
How deeply the loss we deplore.

The tears dim our eyes,
As we gaze on the skies,
And think, Is she with her dear child,
In union sweet,
At the Saviour's feet,
In bliss, free from sin, undefiled?

But yet while we grieve,
That us she would leave
To fight out the battle with sin ;
We hope to press on
In the path she has gone,
And a like crown of glory to win.

When that time shall come,
May the welcome, Well done !
Fall with rapturous bliss on each heart ;
As we enter the home,
Pressing on round the throne,
Never more, never more will we part.

O GENTLE FRIEND.

O GENTLE friend, whom suffering hath
refined,
Till self seems banished from the pre-
cincts of thy mind.
O gentle friend, whose words and looks
breathe blessed calm,
As if thy spirit had been bathed in
Gilead's balm.
O gentle friend, to me though art like
summer eve,
O'er which the deep hushed silence of
our God doth breathe.
O gentle friend, thou art linked close
with peaceful things—
A tranquil lake bathed in the light that
moonbeam flings,
A landscape fair on some light, soft,
grey day,
A rippling sea o'er which the sunbeams
play,

A calm, deep sleep, when care is quite
laid by,
Or that full peace when Christ Himself
is nigh ;
O gentle friend, my nature seems so full
of strife,
Strong wishes, deep desires, wrestling
for their active life ;
And hence thy peaceful calm so beautiful
appears,
Although its roots were bathed in bitter
tears.

MY SISTER.

SEVEN winters' snows have come,
Seven springs to flowers gave birth,
Seven summers' ardent sun,
And seven autumns blest the earth.

Long though swift the time has been,
As each season passed away ;

Pain and weariness oft reigned,
Clouding many a night and day.

Time brings no oblivion draught
To dim the heart's deep joy or woe ;
No adamant wall to check
The strong full tide of memory's flow.

Nor would I chase one thought away,
Which bringeth aught of thee to mind,
Thy look or gesture, words or ways,
Most loving, gentle, true, and kind.

Fondly loved, and deeply mourned,
As weeks and months and years roll
by,
My heart for thee still truly yearns,
And oft I wish that thou wert nigh.

We miss thee in our daily walk,
We miss thee at the quiet eve ;
Thy gentle smile and loving talk
All gone, and we are left to grieve.

And yet we strive to bear our pain,
In faith to bow and kiss the rod,
To feel our loss is but thy gain,
That thou art safe in heaven with God.

Thou art not lost, but gone before—
This thought alone can help our woe,
And teach us hope to meet once more,
Or check the bitter tears which flow.

Yes! blessed are the pure in heart,
Are words which fell from lips Divine,
And as we read, though big tears start,
We love to think that bliss is thine.

MRS. TURNBULL.

GONE to the eternal home,
Where angels' songs are sounding ;
Gone to join the heavenly choir,
Jehovah's throne surrounding.

Gone to everlasting life,
Free from all pain and sorrow ;

Free from daily care and needs,
That here waits each to-morrow.

Gone to know the wondrous bliss
No mortal can discover ;
Her soul and spirit now are free
From cumbrous earthly cover.

Her spirit now is with the just,
With joy her face is beaming ;
She wears a robe of righteousness,
With gems her crown is gleaming.

Gone, gone, gone, still echoes here,
Though she has gone to glory ;
And we with many a sigh and tear,
Make her loss all our story.

We want her here, we want her now,
And every want feels double ;
Her loving care still sweeter seems
In all our daily trouble.

The home is blank, each room feels dark,
In which no sun is shining ;
Oh ! how we miss her loving self,
So precious, so refining.

Her spirit was so pure and true,
So quick each want relieving ;
She never seemed to take from us—
We always were receiving.

Pleasant her words as rippling rill,
Her looks with love were glowing ;
Constant her work for others' good,
Unselfish wisdom showing.

But now she is so far away,
And we so sad and lonely—
'Twas her bright presence, day by day,
That made our home so homely.

And yet, she may not be so far,
For true love cannot sever ;
The link though broken reunites,
The parting's not for ever.

And as the time rolls on apace,
Will not the veil grow thinner?
The shade that parts our spirits now
Let through some heavenly glimmer?

May not we near and nearer grow,
Till death's bridge spans the river;
Then in that golden city meet,
To part no more for ever.

Then in the light of Christ the Lamb,
We'll learn to know the reason,
Why through this trial of deepest woe
We struggled for a season.

THE BOY.

HENRY EDWIN DARLEY.

20th February, 1890.

FIVE years the Master lent him,
A sunbeam in the home;
And then to heaven called him,
Boy now to "Jedee" come.

All ready he to leave us
For that bright home on high :
“ Mama, boy go to Jedee,
Yight up into the kie.”

His spirit needs no cleansing,
For Jesus' blood had bought
That bright young soul to love Him,
And praise Him as we ought.

Our boy knew Jesus loved him,
His faith, unmixed with sin,
Could hear the Saviour calling
The little one to Him.

No time had worldly fetters
To rivet on a sin ;
No time had Satan's subtleties
To make boy foul within.

But clear, and fresh, and holy,
Stamped with the Master's grace,
Boy could look up to Jesus here,
And see Him face to face.

Oh, do not think upon him
As boy cold, white and dead ;
Bind not thy thoughts to earthly clay,
As bitter tears you shed.

But let thy tears be prisms
That they may bring to thee
Some of the light from rainbow bright,
Which now the boy doth see.

Till resting on thy Spirit,
Crown like the martyrs wore,
Of glowing light from glory bright,
Where boy has gone before.

Oh, dignity of knowing
That God did grant to thee
A gift so worth his taking back
While it was pure and free.

And though this mystic glory
Is through heart-sorrow bought,
Oh, could you offer to your Lord
Of that which cost thee nought.

But every tear of anguish,
And every sigh of pain,
Will in the end bear richest crop
Of heaven's golden grain.

For when in that pure brightness
The boy once more shall rest,
In joyous love and beauty bright
Upon thy faithful breast,

Thou wilt not grudge the sorrow
Of all the weary years ;
The empty place beside the hearth,
Or joys that passed in tears ;

But depth of joyous gladness,
That here we cannot know,
Will fill thy being with a bliss
God can alone bestow.

Then through the great for-ever
Thou and the boy shall live ;
Thou with the boy, the boy with thee,
Shall endless praises give.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN
AFFECTIONATE SISTER-IN-
LAW,

Who died 30th April, 1871.

ANOTHER link is broken,
Another loved one gone ;
Our God the word hath spoken,
And we are left to mourn.

Sad, sad, our tears are falling,
Deep, deep, our sorrow now ;
She's gone beyond recalling,
We to the blow must bow.

And must we bear this sorrow ?
And must we bear this pain ?
Nor look for brighter morrow
To meet her once again ?

Is there no gleam of lightness
To help us on our way ?
No touch of heavenly brightness
To cheer us while we stay ?

154 *Lines on Death of a Sister-in-Law.*

Yes, thanks to God our Saviour—
Who triumphed o'er the tomb—
Whose Spirit's gracious favour
Can cheer our deepest gloom.

If He but grant His Spirit
To teach us how to live,
We'll bless each joy or sorrow
His gracious hand may give.

May this deep trouble bring us
Closer unto His Cross :
His Spirit work within us,
Bring gain from this our loss.

Thus day by day we'll journey
Nearer unto that land,
Where waiting are our loved ones
'Midst God's own chosen band.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A
BELOVED NIECE,

Who died, 26th September, 1871.

LITTLE Annie is no more,
All her pain and suffering o'er ;
God has called her far away
To the realms of endless day.

Wipe those tears ! now, kneel and pray !
Thank the gracious Lord this day,
That she 's taken safely home,
Where no pain can ever come.

Thank the Lord ! to you who gave
Strength to nurse her for the grave ;
Think how great your joy will be
When your darling you shall see—

Not in weakness, suffering, pain,
But amid the angelic train ;
With the chosen Lambs of God,
Washed and saved by Jesus' blood.

Praise Him ! who to us has given
Such a glorious hope of Heaven ;
May we meet each loved one there,
And eternal glory share.

Though our little Annie's dead,
Still no bitter tears we'll shed ;
But in humble trust now say,
God has taken her away.

TO MARY.

LITTLE Mary, daisy bright,
Art thou gone to realms of light ?
Few the steps upon life's road
Which thy tiny feet have trod.

Few the troubles which have pressed,
On thy little infant breast—
Troubles which to each one come,
As they tread the pathway home.

Thou art mourning, Mary dear,
That thy darling is not here,
But she's garnered safe above,
Safe within those Arms of love.

I seem to see her all the while
With father's eyes and mother's smile,
Which brightened all her baby face,
Adding to beauty such a grace.

No more she'll need thy tender care,
No more in household joys have share,
No clinging touch of tiny hands
Will seem to strengthen love's sweet
bands.

Well I know thy tender heart,
Deeply it will feel this dart ;
Wrung with anguish, torn with pain,
You scarce can think thy loss her gain.

Scarce can feel it is true love
By which thy darling was removed ;

Taking from thy life such joy,
From thy hands such sweet employ.

How much you long to clasp her now,
And kiss her lips, and smooth her brow!
No joy could be so great on earth—
Your heart would hardly hold its mirth.

But now your heart is full of grief,
No thought can bring the least relief;
This cloud sits heavy on thy brow,
All earth looks sad and gloomy now.

Yet Christ is gazing now on thee,
His love Divine thy needs can see;
He feels your grief and knows your
 pain,
And He can make this grief your gain.

In tender love He called thy flower,
And gathered it this wintry hour—
So deep His love to each one's soul,
He gave Himself to make us whole.

THOUGHTS OF MR. FOX.

*Our precious friend, thank God we were
permitted to know him.*

HE is gone, he is gone, how the echo
surrounds us,
It glides through the sunshine, it
floats in the air ;
The rustling leaves do but carry them
round us,
While hearts bowed in grief that
same echo declare.

He is gone, he is gone, oh! the gap in our
pleasure,
Our words seem too feeble when try-
ing to tell
How his love used to flow like a tide
without measure,
And sympathy's touch seemed to act
like a spell.

He is gone, he is gone, but we would
 not recall him
 To share in our pleasure, and comfort
 our pain ;
 Or check sin and vice which would
 cower before him,
 For we know that our loss unto him
 must be gain.

He is gone, he is gone, to the Saviour
 who bought him,
 He knows the deep bliss of faith
 crowned by sight ;
 And though for his life with heart
 groans we besought Him,
 We must own it is well, for *God*
 always does right.

He is gone, he is gone, but his words we
 remember—
 “Not me, but the Master,” he’d say
 with a smile.

When some loving deed had made
heart and voice tender,
He strove from that subject our
thoughts to beguile.

He is gone, he is gone, but his deeds
glow and brighten,
As thought takes the draught brought
by memory's knell ;
So many sad hearts did his kindnesses
lighten,
And will not his welcome be, Thou
hast done well !

He is gone, he is gone, yet he beckoneth
to us
To keep the same path, and press on
with the few,
Oh, may God by His grace in the
Saviour renew us,
With single-eyed faith that same
path to pursue.

He is gone, he is gone, to the heart rest
for ever,

Where peace of the soul is not
ruffled by strife,

Where Christ is the centre from which
nought can sever,

The joy and the glory, the life and
the light.

He is gone, he is gone, but the heart-
link remaineth,

For though he is lost to material
sight,

Is there not subtle power which ever
sustaineth, [unite?

That spirit with spirit may often

So we weep for the loss, yet hope's
whisper reminds us,

That we *all* are one who are found
in the Lord ;

With His spirit to guide, may each pass-
ing day find us, [cord.

Bound closer together by sympathy's

TO MRS. EMMA ROAN,

On hearing of her brother's death, 28th July, 1885.

I KNOW your heart is very sad,
How deep its sorrow none can tell ;
You hoped for tidings bright and glad,
While death was pealing forth its
knell.

How deep the mystery of that blow,
And heart-felt struggle seem to cry,
That wife and loved ones need him so,
We're tempted sore to ask the *Why*.

Hush, hush, sad heart ! weep on awhile,
On earth no reason can you trace ;
Wait till in heaven you see his smile,
And feel once more his glad embrace.

Now you must mourn and weep and
sigh,
And Jesus shares in all your grief ;
In His good time He'll show you why
This sickness met with no relief.

So hard, so hard, we mourning cry,
To place our dear ones 'neath the sod ;
But solemn sounds both far and nigh,
"Be still and know that I am God."

And as time's balm with softening touch
Gives us the power on Him to rest,
We'll cease to sorrow over much,
And humbly say—God's way is best.

THINKING OF LIZZIE OGILVIE'S
PURE LIFE AND EARLY
DEATH.

"Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not,
neither do they spin."

NOT Solomon in all his prime, was ever
half so fair,
Though purple rich, fine linen white, and
costly gems were there ;
And gold, the bright, pure, yellow gold,
became of little worth,
Silver was such a trifling thing, like
common clods of earth ;

Thinking of Lizzie Ogilvie. 165

And peace fell on the nations round, by
God's great mercy given—
Not all of this was half so fair as Lizzie,
gone to heaven.

We know not why some lilies wear their
petals purely white,
Or how they gain their sweet perfume
we greet with such delight ;
We only know that Jesus made them
perfect of their kind,
And nature weaves each particle by un-
seen powers combined :
And so He wrought in that pure life,
which unto you was given,
Daily to see His precious work in Lizzie,
gone to heaven.

Ah, well ! the Master knows His own ;
what need the lily fair
To toil and spin, or spend its strength,
His great love to declare ;

She only lifts her snowy face, each passer
 by well knows,
 It is enough in simple words to say she
 lives and grows :
 And so it was this higher work the Lord
 to her had given,
 For you could read it in the face of
 Lizzie, gone to heaven.

Ah ! father, mother, on your brows,
 although our eyes are holden,
 There surely rests the Spirit's wreath,
 whose flowers and stems are golden ;
 Bestowed by Him who giveth back a
 full and plenteous measure,
 Because He called you to give up your
 priceless, precious treasure :
 And He who drank wrath's bitter cup
 knows how your hearts are riven,
 How blank the home, how great the loss
 of Lizzie, gone to heaven.

EDGAR ARCHER.

ONLY twelve summers' suns, twelve
winters' snows,
Were passed on earth, before those dear
eyes closed ;
Only twelve years of this small change-
ful scene,
And now our hearts cry out for that
which might have been.
We picture him from youth to manhood
grown,
Many a bright laid scheme from which
all light hath flown,
Till thought comes back to us with
weary sigh
And strives to find the clue to that
mysterious Why.
Full well we know God could have
spared our boy,
And filled our hearts with thankfulness
and joy :

He need but speak the Word, death's
shadow grim
Must yield itself, nor dare contend with
Him ;
But silence reigned, and the bright spirit
fled,
Now, now, our sad hearts mourn for
Edgar dead—
The burden seems too great for us to
bear,
Our lips are ready with the cry, *Lord*,
why not spare.

Oh, hush ! fond hearts, who can the reason
tell ?
For He is *God*, and doeth all things well.
Death does not finish thy boy's precious
life—
Only removes him from this worldly care
and strife.
Not long had he to fight with Satan's
power,
Whose darts fall thickest when deep
sorrows lour ;

Not long had he to kneel and ask for
grace,
Or plead for clearer growing light from
Jesus' face;
And now his soul, free from its earthly
clay,
Oh, how the light of heaven may o'er it
play! [Him,
The glowing radiance which comes from
Before whose presence, bright sun, moon,
and stars are dim.
The bliss of being ever with the Lord,
The depth of rapture which is love's
reward, [pain,
Free from all sin, all trial of doubt and
Think, think, cannot your dear one now
have all this gain?
And time, which makes so many things
on earth
Become unto our hearts of little worth,
Will but increase the love which God
hath given,
To link together His redeemed in earth
and heaven.

And so I think of thee, subdued and sad,
In hallowed sorrow for your little lad,
Over whose grave the sunbeams seem to
say—

God's glory yet shall gild the strait and
narrow way.

TO MRS. ROB,

Whose husband died after a very short illness.

SHORT the summons, brief the message,
And yet we must believe it love,
That called him from his earthly duties
To the glorious home above.

Scarce time to realise the trial,
Strange, mysterious, it must be,
Thy heart still holding hope's last frag-
ment,
When death's dark shadow compassed
thee.

But still, the Lord is ever loving :

E'en when He takes what most we
prize, [darling
There's some good reason why your
So soon to heavenly life should rise.

So soon leave work and home and loved
ones,

The fight, and struggling daily care ;
So soon lay down the earthly weapon,
And in the higher joy have share.

But thou, sad heart, must mourn and
sorrow ;

Not yet canst thou lift up thine eyes
To see the heavenly light, which shineth
Beyond thy dark, beclouded skies.

And human words sound harsh and
cruel,

While human hands are far too rough ;
For thy poor heart so crushed and bleed-
ing

We scarce have sympathy enough.

'Tis only He, the Lord of Glory,
Whose tender touch can soothe and
heal, [power,
He killed the *sting* of death's dark
The shadow now is all we feel.

But when the balm of time shall soften
The bitterness of all thy pain,
Then patience, love, and hope shall
strengthen,
Until in heaven you meet again.

LITTLE ROBIN.

LITTLE Robin's gone to glory,
Here his baby lips are mute ;
He has reached the home before thee,
There to wear his bright new suit.

Suit as white as snow-capped mountain,
Beautiful beyond compute ;
Washed within the crimson fountain
Is this glorious new suit.

What it cost, our human powers
To judge the worth it must refute,
Only within those heavenly bowers
Can they value that new suit.

Oh, how happy is your darling !
Sweet his voice as gentle lute ;
Radiant as the sons of morning,
In that glistening new suit.

Not one tear his bright eye dimming,
No sound of wrangle or dispute ;
For all his life with joy is brimming,
As he walks in that new suit.

Free from every sore temptation,
Which in this world of ill-repute
Tries all our wayward inclinations,
Until each wears that pure new suit.

Just now when daily care and trial,
Thy patience tests to unknown bound,
When duties call you by the dozen,
And life seems but a weary round,

So many things which need attention,
So many wants to be supplied,
So many pleasures you would give
them,
Which reason says must be denied.

And though your body oft is tired—
You fain would rest the busy brain,
How sweet to realise the feeling,
That Robin's life was not in vain !

For while the young ones sing God's
praises,
With voices fresh as morning dew,
The thought of Robin nerves to action,
And others will be blest through you.

So as the young and tender branches
Are grafted on the living vine ;
When age comes creeping swiftly on-
ward,
You never, never can repine,

But looking forward to the moment,
Your lips dear Robin shall salute,
And Jesus gives to you a garment,
So both shall wear a white new suit.

TO HENRY AND FLORENCE.

YOU are going to build a home, dear,
Now mind you do it right ;
Making a firm foundation,
With jewels rare and bright.

Be sure you place the ruby there,
Rich, warm as glowing love ;
Not first unto yourselves, dear,
But to the Lord above.

Oh, let it shine around your path,
Your daily portion be ;
Remember it was love Divine
Made Jesus die for thee.

Then let it to each other grow
 More bright and pure each day ;
 Making your home the brightest spot
 On all the earthly way.

Then place the emerald's brilliant green
 To shine like faith so true ;
 That child-like trust in God's good way,
 As life unfolds to you.

Let not dark doubt its shadow fling
 One moment o'er your mind,
 But faith as clear as that green light,
 Your hearts together bind.

Now don't forget the sapphire blue,
 That shines as truth most clear ;
 Let God's grand truth, His Holy Word,
 Each day become more dear.

And on this truth an altar build—
 The altar of thy home ;
 Where prayers like sweetest incense rise
 From hearts already one.

Let pearls be there for purity,
In thought, look, word and deed ;
And garnets tell of earnest care,
For all the daily need.

Hospitality without a grudge
The amethyst will show ;
And topaz bright, with golden light,
As earnest friendship glow.

And fix the shaded onyx there,
For charity most kind ;
Stern self-denial for others' good,
We oft occasion find.

While round about, and in and out,
Let turquoise' smiling face,
Keep fresh within your hearts' warm
home,
Each loved one's sacred place.

But as the chief grand corner stone,
Oh, place the diamond there !
For it will tell of blessed work,
When each may have a share.

It will reflect love's glowing hue,
And faith's clear earnest gaze ;
And every hue that gem can show,
Is where the diamonds blaze.

So every grace is gathered up,
In Christ our heavenly King ;
His love will shine upon each need,
Our daily life can bring.

Then let Him rule within your hearts,
More perfectly each day ;
Until in His bright blissful home,
You with Him ever stay.

FRANK'S TROUBLE.

OH, dear ! what a tiresome question to
me
Is that constant cry of—Frank, what will
you be ?

My school days are over, and Latin put
by, [to try,
No problems to puzzle or French verbs
No theme or analysis is there for me,
But now comes the question—Frank,
what will you be?

I won't be a lawyer, I don't like the pen,
Nor Bevan, nor Kean, nor my Lord
Tenterden ; [suit me,
To stand before big wigs would never
So now comes the question—Frank,
what will you be?

I won't be a doctor, to cut, blister, bleed,
To send pints of physic where there's
little need ;
So much pain and suffering I've no need
to see, [be.
To answer the question of what I will

I won't be a soldier—I never could fight,
As they often do for the wrong, not for
right ;

To conquer by force could have no
charm for me,
So still there's that question—Frank,
what will you be?

I won't be a sailor, a captain or mate,
Unless on our yacht, would no feeling
elate ;
The storms on the deep I have no wish
to see,
So now there's that question—Frank,
what will you be?

There's plenty to choose from, but still
I'm in doubt,
The thing best to suit me I cannot find
out ;
And no other person can make choice
for me, [be.
And settle the question of what I shall

'Tis no trifle, I tell you, this trouble of
mine, [too fine ;
Though some may imagine my fancy's

'Tis business for life, and a great thing
you see—

A very grave question is what I shall be.

I'm sure I've no wish to be wasting my
time,

But pleasure with work I would like to
combine ;

As I have the chance it is vexing you
see, [be.

Not to settle the question of what I shall

Whatever it is, I'll be good of the sort,
And work shall be work, then sport will
be sport ;

When once I am started I'll press on,
you see,

Nor disgrace the profession, whate'er it
may be.

A voice softly whispers, Seek counsel by
prayer

To Him who has granted each creature
a share,

To aid in the good and the evil to flee,
He sends us the answer to what we shall
be.

His wisdom shall make every crooked
way plain,
And none ever earnestly sought Him in
vain ;
Then all thy life long 'twill delight thee
to see [shall be.
How perfect the answer to what you

TO NELLIE.

JESSAMINE round cottage window,
Jessamine by leafy bower,
Jessamine on stately terrace,
Still the same white starry flower.

Growing o'er fantastic rock-work,
Or some portal old to grace ;
Loved alike by high and lowly
Is thy bonnie wee white face.

How thy clear cut tiny flowers,
By thy dark green leaves revealed ;
Though so many budding clusters,
By the foliage is concealed.

Jessamine, as I gaze upon thee,
Never shall I make thee vain,
Though gently I may speak thy praises,
As the thoughts flit through my brain.

Whisper what thy graceful leaflets,
And thy snowy blossoms teach,
Of those rare and priceless virtues,
Lying just within our reach.

Thou dost teach of sweet contentment,
For I've seen thee green and tall
Spending all thy strength to brighten
Some dark, sooty London wall.

Thou dost tell of silent working,
Simply filling well thy place ;
Sending forth thy gentle lessons
For us mortals to embrace.

Then thy humble obeisances,
To Summer's faintest breath respond;
Do we show such winning gladness?
Are we of quick obedience fond?

Do we stand at all times ready
To answer every one's appeal?
Sympathy in word and action,
Is it always strong and real?

And when Autumn storms are blowing,
Though roughly thou be tossed about,
We ne'er can think an angry accent
Would answer to the wind's wild shout.

So quickly do thy swaying branches
Return unto their quiet rest?
They make us think of prayer-raised
fingers
Pleading for God the soul to bless.

Jessamine, how many lessons
Could thou teach, if I would learn,
Were my spirit higher, purer,
All thy beauties to discern!

Other minds may read the clearer,
Other pens thy virtues tell,
Other lips may sing thy praises,
But, Jessamine, I love thee well.

TO MAY.

OH, tell me, do you love them, our bonnie
English lanes,
With the freshness of their verdure where
a wealth of beauty reigns?
Oh, have you sauntered through them on
a balmy day in June,
When buds were opening sweetly, and
all nature seemed in tune;
And marked the glowing colours which
bank and hedge adorn,
Blending there like a gay mosaic, in
quaintly varied form?
And in what wondrous beauty each
separate blossom grows,
What multitudes of tints and shade
leaflet and petal shows!

Look at yon climbing bindweed, with
 cups so purely white,
And lingering tufts on hawthorn
 boughs to give us keen delight ;
But of all the wayside beauties there's
 none so sweetly fair,
As our bonnie English wild-rose which
 shows its flowerets there.
No gardener attends it, no toil or care it
 needs,
But it springs forth in its beauty from
 among the lowly weeds.
We welcome in the spring time its sprays
 of brown or green,
And through all the summer brightness
 what a wealth of blossom's seen ;
Even the cold of winter its brightness
 will not slay,
Can you count the glowing berries hang-
 ing on every spray ?
And May is like the wild-rose, sweet,
 winsome, bright, and true,
Standing forth firm and steadfast, with
 warmth of love for you.

When once rose-buds are open, and the
bee can creep within,
It is sure to find some nectar to carry
'neath its wing ;
And from the yellow centre it gathers
many a store
Of sweet and luscious honey, valued by
rich and poor.
So if we ope the portal of our May's
loving heart,
We shall find the golden centre and
ne'er from it depart ;
And if she shows some prickles—for a
rose will have a thorn—
She will not mean to hurt us or really
make us mourn.
So as we gather roses from the hedge in
sunny June,
And gaze upon its beauty and sing its
praise in tune ;
So we will fondly cherish, while heart's
warm pulses beat,
Our May's a precious treasure which
makes our lives more sweet.

TO MRS. K.

How can I tread this thorny path,
Dark, rugged, bleak, and wild?
I shrink, as from some winter blast
Retreats the timid child.

Those flinty stones, those briery thorns,
My feeble steps delay ;
Is there no *smoother* path for me
To tread the narrow way?

This heavy weight of constant care
To which each day gives birth,
Like iron bands, hard, firm, and strong,
They press me down to earth.

My children have such varied needs,
They many things dislike ;
How shall I help each untried heart
To seek the Lord aright?

Oh, teach me, Lord, the way to live,
Aright my cross to bear ;
For Thou didst shed Thy precious blood
That I Thy joy should share.

But what is this, for as I gaze
A change comes o'er the scene ;
No longer dark, for glowing light
Shines with a mellow beam.

Those flinty stones look straight and
smooth,
And with the thorns are flowers,
While angel hands now beckon me
Unto their leafy bowers ;

And underneath this weight of care
I see two nail-pierced hands ;
Which bear the load, till scarce I feel
The pressure of its bands.

Still as I gaze, my children dear
Before me seem to pass ;
Methinks I see their future clear,
As mirrored in a glass.

First Lizzie, gentle, patient grown,
How sweet her rule of love ;
Those pierced hands are leading on
With unseen power above.

Then Dora, mild, obedient child,
Goes on her quiet way ;
She hears the Saviour's loving voice,
And serves Him day by day.

Next Hilda, active, bright, and quick,
What ready help she gives,
With self-denial, for the sake
Of Christ, in whom she lives.

Now follows Mabel, sweet young flower,
She too will seek His face ;
And, drinking from the well of life,
Go on from grace to grace.

Tibby and Baby, though so young,
For them God's love is free,
As when He called the little ones
And said, Come unto Me.

And now the vision fades away,
While tears bedew my cheek ;
I, in the quiet darkness, lay
Close to the Saviour's feet.

Lord, wilt Thou do all this, I cry,
If so, my path is clear ;
I'll take my cross up day by day
Without a doubt or fear.

Thy Word to teach, Thy love to guide,
Thy Sabbaths duly given ;
And Jesus ever at my side,
Through life in death to heaven.

THOUGHTS ON THE
31ST OF MAY.

TWELVE months more of time is past,
Another year has o'er us cast
Its many shades and lights ;
For hope is still our guiding star,
Though oft it glimmers faintly far,
And nearly out of sight.

192 *Thoughts on the 31st of May.*

Little change this year hath seen,
And slight improvement has there been
 'Twixt this year and the last ;
And prayer must make faith's anchor
 sure,
Or else it never can endure
 And keep her moorings fast.
Yes ! prayer to Him who yet can give
Us patience 'midst our trial to live,
 Nor murmur at His will ;
And taking up our cross each day,
Press on with joy the narrow way
 O'ercoming every ill.
But oh ! these sinful hearts of ours,
How slight their faith, how weak their
 powers
 To hold the promise fast ;
We want ourselves to work and do,
And cannot see that glorious view
 When all the struggle's past.
The view when on that dreadful day,
That He, the Truth, the Life, the
 Way,
 Was lifted up for sin ;

And bore the fearful untold load,
That awful weight, the wrath of God,
Eternal peace to win.
Oh, could we know the mighty love
He felt, when from His home above
He came our work to do,
With joy we'd bear each trial and pain,
And count each loss but blissful gain
With Him so clear in view.
Oh, may His heavenly grace be shed
In rich abundance o'er thy head,
May peace dwell in thine heart ;
The precious pearl of love be thine,
Through all thy life its lustre shine,
Quenching each fiery dart ;
And if no more mine eyes shall see
The varied tints in sky or tree,
Of Nature's glorious dress ;
No more my foot shall press the sod
When spread abroad the works of God
In all their loveliness ;
No more, as in the western sky
The sun in all its majesty
Sets in a flood of gold,

Making each fence, tree-stump and stone
Glow with a beauty not its own,

I may no more behold ;
If all the rest of my life's day
I'm doomed on this sick couch to lay
And strength no more shall come,
May grace be sent us from above,
That we can feel God still is love,
And say, Thy will be done.

TO MY HUSBAND.

FAIN would I write some loving words,
To make your heart beat high ;
Fain would I catch some noble thought
And fix it ere it fly.

Fain would I pen some words of fire
With glowing pathos rife,
To strengthen every good desire,
And brighten all thy life.

But, like a bird on drooping wing,
I cannot soar on high ;
Down, down to earth my spirits cling,
My eloquence a sigh.

My words are languid, poor and weak,
No life within them glow ;
They 'll ne'er revive the power I seek,
So meaningless they flow.

Oh, for a dash of brilliant thought,
That I might give to thee
Some strain more worthy of the day
Of thy nativity.

When I would gather from all good,
To lay it at thy feet,
Nor deem the offering fair enough,
Thy joyful smile to meet ;

But earthly gifts too worthless seem,
The heart's wish to express ;
Their tinsel value light I deem
A trouble to redress.

Then I will ask for higher bliss
Than this world can bestow,
May faith, joy, peace and happiness
Increase while here below.

And may the Holy Comforter
Within thy heart now dwell,
And Jesus Christ reveal Himself
As thine Emmanuel.

MAGGIE'S HANDS.

LITTLE fingers, oh! how busy, washing,
working, day by day,
Ever o'er some object flitting, making
work seem more like play.
Little fingers, oh! how lightly they can
touch the aching brow,
Passing o'er the work so slightly, how
they move before me now.

Little fingers, oft I watch thee, as some
hidden mystery,
Wondering what may be the future
weaving of thy destiny ;
Thou dost speak to me in language now
half-hidden, half-revealed,
Showing many little glimpses which to
others are concealed.
Thou dost tell of timid shyness, many a
needless fear misplaced,
And a want of self-reliance brings the
hot blood to thy face ;
Thou dost tell of quick emotion, and the
hasty spoken word
Which has scarcely passed lips' portal,
than you wish it was not heard :
Thou dost tell of clinging purpose, hard
to alter, change, or move—
I don't mind, 'tis just what *I* think, what
you say does nothing prove—
Thou dost tell of indignation if a thing
but seem unjust,
You at once would have it altered before
you think which way is best ;

198 *To Our Sister in Ireland.*

And there's yet another feeling, which
 oft a stumbling-block may be,
Only think, one cannot help it, 'tis
 reason quite enough for thee ;
Thou dost tell of strong affections, deep
 and constant though not shown,
In a time of grief and trouble, then thy
 worth would best be known.
Fingers, I must leave off writing ; are my
 words both clear and true ?
Then I think that sister Maggie knows
 just what I think of you.

TO OUR SISTER IN IRELAND.

MAY happiness and peace be thine,
And that bright joy which is Divine
 Dwell in thy heart ;
So as each year shall roll away
May grace be thine from day to day
 To do thy part.

All that sweet power He can give,
Within thy being richly live
 And work aright ;
So shall each piece of labour be
A blessed, true reality,
 Done with all might.
May each creation of thy brain
Help to encourage and sustain
 Some noble thought ;
That as the sands of time depart,
In this life's work you leave thy mark
 So clearly wrought,
That others by thy work shall learn
To hate all evil, and to spurn
 Things low and base ;
Then onward, upward they will press,
Each for a crown of righteousness,
 Through God's great grace.

DEAR JENNIE.

LYING on a bed of sickness,
Full of weakness, suffering, pain,
This thought comes hovering o'er me—
Shall I ever rise again?

Will the pleasant April breezes
Ever fan my wasted cheek?
Or with cheerful hearty accent
Shall I friend and neighbour greet?

All around are many loved ones—
Father kind, and sisters dear;
And my tender, loving mother,
At my bedside ever near.

Now my John sits quiet by me,
With earnest gaze and loving heart,
And an infant form of beauty
Seems to cry, we cannot part.

And on this Sabbath afternoon
When the Big-Kirk bell has ceased,
Plants, flowers, and all around me
Breathe an atmosphere of peace.

While I think of other loved ones
Who have homes so far away,
When the evening shadows gather,
Will for me so humbly pray,

That I may have strength now given
To take up my cross aright,
And truly do or suffer,
As most needful in God's sight ;

In love, should He my health restore,
May I rightly live each day ;
In my thoughts and words and actions
Pressing on the narrow way.

Should He see fit to call me hence,
To that glorious home above,
Then I ever shall be praising
His great and wondrous love.

When a few more years have passèd,
May I meet each loving one,
Therefore my grateful lips shall cry,
Father ! Thy will be done.

TO WEE FORRY.

FAR away in Bonnie Scotland,
Fanned by the healthful breeze,
There stands a pleasant cottage,
Shaded by waving trees.

And in that cottage lives a lad—
A good one I am sure ;
Now do you wish to know his name—
They call him Forry Muir.

But Forry has been very sick,
So weak, so low, and sad ;
And truly sorry still I feel
For this same little lad.

He could not walk, he could not play,
Nor could he lie quite still ;
But tossed about from side to side,
He was so very ill.

His grandmother with anxious care
To every want attends ;
And many an earnest heartfelt prayer
For him to Heaven ascends.

Now courage take, thou loving heart !
Thy prayer is heard above ;
Health and strength once more shall
come
Unto the child you love.

And so it was, for bright and clear
Those childish eyes now shone ;
Oh ! cast away each gloomy fear,
The fever's power is gone.

And here I fain would end my rhyme,
But trouble is not past,
For once again is Forry Muir
On bed of sickness cast.

Look, look, the sight is sad to see—

Here comes at rapid rate,
A horse has taken sudden fright,
He nears the churchyard gate.

Quick! save the child, oh, save the
child,

He still is very weak!
Ah, 'tis too late, for there he lay,
And cannot move or speak.

And once again dear grandmother
The loving nurse must be ;
For pain is very hard to bear,
And makes us sad to see.

But Forry will be very good,
In patience bear the pain ;
And then I hope we soon shall hear
He's getting well again.

So now good-bye, if you like this
I think you may be sure
That Aunt will try to write again
To little Forry Muir.

OUR BOYS.

OUR boys ! what would we have them—
Why earnest, brave, and true,
Seeking each day something to learn,
And noble act to do.

With bright and cheerful spirits,
No shade upon their brow,
Thorough in study, play, and work,
We want them happy now.

Oh, boys, what wondrous power
Dwells in your mind and heart !
To help in all this busy life
Where each should do his part.

For you *must* help or hinder
The progress of the right,
And every action, look, and word,
Will go to swell its might.

We want you strong, yet gentle,
With courage to say No ;
Not daunted by a sneer or laugh
Wherever you may go.

Oh, take the higher view of life,
And close your doings scan ;
Remember, every boy who lives
Is father to the man.

OUR CHAPEL.

LET me say a few words, with a hearty
good will,
Of a place near to London, 'tis called
Buckhurst Hill ;
Not a detailed account of houses or
people,
The age, style of the church, and the
height of the steeple,

But there's one little spot you might
pass any day,
'Tis so modest a building you'd ne'er
glance that way—
To describe it aright might an architect
baffle,
But folks about here call it Wesleyan
Chapel.

Though the outside is grim—there is
nought to admire—
Yet within, we believe, oft are sparks of
true fire ;
Though 'tis rather the work than the
building, I guess,
That lays claim to the thought which
I wish to express.

Meditate on the power of heart, mind,
and brain,
Which the members united within them
contain,

With a super like Ingram, whose spirit
so mild
Makes us think of the Master when
blessing a child.

When sermons breathe forth from
hearts full of love,
And descend on the hearers like a
peace-giving dove,
And prayers are heart breathings of
fervent desires, [aspires.
Towards holier living each member

When the singing is true from the lip
and the heart,
Real thanksgiving to God that in Christ
we have part ;

When classes are met for improving
each other, [brother ;
With true family greeting of sister and

Where the prayer-meetings all are com-
munion with God,
And we follow the steps which the
Master has trod,

With a schoolroom quite full, as each
Sabbath comes round,
Super, teachers, and scholars in love's
work may abound.

Thus in union complete, with the Spirit
to guide,
What a wondrous power in this spot
might abide!
For as trickling rill from a green moun-
tain side, [its tide,
Till it reaches the ocean and flows with

So the spirit that's pure, by the might
of the Lord,
In each pathway of life will abide by
His Word, [bless,
To comfort or strengthen, encourage and
Any brother or sister in want or distress.

And implore them to seek for the com-
fort Divine,
Until infinite love through their daily
life shine,

So we still prize the building where
there's nought to admire—
No melodious organ to lead on the choir;
It boasts not of Gothic or Saxon or
Grecian,
The glass is all plain, not rich tinted
Venetian ;

No Corinthian columns our fine taste to
please,
And the seats seem invented our comfort
to tease,
But if God's Spirit's here, though we've
no cushioned stall,
Our Wesleyan Chapel's right dear to us
all.

HOUSEKEEPING DIFFICULTIES
WITH TWO YOUNG SER-
VANTS.

NOW, Emily, why will you do the thing
that is not right,

I cannot trust the least to you, when
working out of sight :

Oh, Lizzie, see how black you are, what
are you doing, child,

The soot upon your hands and face's
enough to make one wild.

Just look at those potatoes, girl, they
are not half done through,

And cabbage leaf is near as stiff as when
on stalk it grew.

Mind, Emily, your master's boots clean
ere you go upstairs,

I will not have them standing there
until there are two pairs.

I strongly do object to have the dusting
done in stripes,

'Tis rubbing keeps the polish on, and
not those gentle wipes ;

Now, do you think the whiting should
be left upon each spoon?

You are finishing at six o'clock what
should be done by noon.

There, Lizzie, see those knives are left,
though dinner is at two,

Oh, girl, I wish you would give heed to
what I say to you ;

Good gracious, see those dish covers, no
sweep could make them blacker,

Well, dirt, I think, agrees with you, for
really you are fatter.

So I go on from day to day, like ever-
sounding bell,

With just this difference in our tongues
that tolls *I* have to tell ;

And yet there must some reason be for
all this daily fuss, [worry thus ;

It never is my wish, I know, the girls should

Oh, patience, come, my old tried friend,
help me jog on apace,

To reach the peace which always comes
to those who run The race.

ON RECEIVING HALF-A-SOVER-
EIGN FOR MY DORCAS FROM
AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

OH, thou little bit of gold,
Can thy worth by me be told ?
Looking on thee I can see
Many things to do with thee.
Calico and flannel too,
Outer garments not a few ;
When the winter comes again,
And the little ones complain,
Thy help will make them warm and snug,
With a blanket, frock, or rug,
Covering many a shivering limb,
Thou wee, brilliant, golden thing.
Showing how true love did grow
In the heart that could bestow
Thee on me to use for others,
Sad and suffering sisters, brothers.
Trusting me, that I may do
The very best I can with you,
May the one who sent thee here,
Find the Master very near ;

Know His love and see His smile
Beaming on her all the while ;
Giving back in fullest measure
Of her heart's most precious treasure ;
Filling up unto the brim
Every day with joy in Him.
So each year will gather up
God's own gold into Life's cup.

Now, on behalf of many poor,
Deep, warm thanks from Emma Muir.

DOCTOR LLYLE.

WHEN people now are very ill,
Away with plaster, draught, or pill,
What need to treat them in that style—
Copy the clever Dr. Llyle.
No embrocation doth he need
To bring back health with mighty speed
But doctors with a word and smile,
So works the wonderful Dr. Llyle.

No journey long doth he them send,
Protesting it their health will mend ;
No patient would he thus beguile,
Far simpler works great Dr. Llyle.
No shock of battery need you bear
To get your health in good repair,
I never heard it all the while,
One shock was given by Dr. Llyle.
No seaside lodging must you take,
Where money melts like small snow-flake,
Such wasteful ways he would revile—
Far cuter man is Dr. Llyle.
And as for German mud-baths too,
Be sure he'll not send me or you,
But, holding such as fashion's wile,
That's not my cure, says Dr. Llyle.
And, one thing more than all of these,
I never heard him ask for fees,
So even if you had the bile
You'd not get cross with Dr. Llyle.
Now let us wish him all good speed,
For health and happiness we need,
And in return at him we'll smile,
And bid good-day to Dr. Llyle.

CURLING; OR, BEEF AND
GREENS.

YOU bid me in verse
My thought now rehearse,
 But how shall I manage a line,
With you far away,
This slow passing day,
 And such hard throbbing pain all the
 time?

'Tis no love to roam
That takes you from home,
 And your health's worth the tenderest
 care;
Yet fain there I'd be,
The loved faces to see,
 And the warm earnest welcome to
 share.

I can fancy the scene
The frost must have been,
 With the sunlight on each tiny spray;

Making great your delight
To witness the sight,
As the train bore you swiftly away.

My thoughts swiftly turn
To mountain and burn,
Or the loch where the curlers are met ;
Those big curling stone—
Each plays with his own,
And some think theirs the very best
set.

Hark to the glad shout
From all round about—
Well done (Beef and Greens)! Forry
Muir !
The sound lingers long,
As loath to be gone,
Then floats faintly away o'er the
moor.

Among all the rest,
And doing his best,
Though seldom he's seen on the spot,

218 *Curling ; or, Beef and Greens.*

Is young Forry Muir,
And you may be sure,
 He will give them a very fair shot.

The game still goes on,
The victory 's won ;
 When the sun 's sinking low in the
 west,
Each object looks gay
In its bright glowing ray,
 And the curlers are needing a rest.

The bright stars above
Seem to look down in love
 From the sky where they twinkling
 shine ;
As if they would say,
Walk the strait narrow way,
 Live each day in the love that's
 Divine.

If ever I come
To my Scottish home,
 When winter has ice bound each brook,

'Twill my journey repay
If I can, any day,
At the curlers just have a good look.

My thoughts I call back,
From the curlers' bright track,
Though my sympathy still with them
leans ;
So a happy new year
Unto each curler here,
May you all often get "Beef and
Greens."

MARGATE.

ON the jetty, on the jetty,
Where the girls delight to flirt—
To show how small their waists are,
And how short or long their skirt.

Should the feet be small and pretty,
And the ankle well turned too,

You may be sure the skirt is short,
Perhaps high heeled the shoe.

Should the foot be large and ugly,
And not well shaped one bit,
Oh, be quite sure the robe is long,
Though so nicely it may fit.

Here are many kinds of chignons,
Large and small and round and
square ;
They do not always suit the face,
Though they show off so much hair.

On the jetty, on the jetty,
Where the band plays every day ;
But, remember, if you listen
You will also have to pay.

I think pay must be the watch-word
Of the folks now living here ;
No matter what it is you want,
They will make you pay so dear.

Should you be strolling on the sands
For a quiet evening walk,
And you wander on unthinking,
Engaged in earnest talk ;

When suddenly you are brought to—
There runs just across your path
The water, which is deep enough
To give both your feet a bath.

You stop to think what 's best to do,
Over it you cannot spring,
But there are large stones near to you
Which are just the very thing.

Over you go, but scarce have placed
On the dryer sand your feet,
When standing there, awaiting you,
A boy or man you meet.

With touch of cap, and, If you please,
Now a copper, sir, for me,
For putting of them stones down there
To keep you from the sea.

And thus it is where'er you go,
To the jetty, pier, or sand,
Along the town to the parade—
There's always some demand.

On, on it goes from day to day,
Till patience, pocket, purse
Is near worn out ; but really I
Must finish now this verse.

So, friend, your kind indulgence grant
To all the faults here penned—
I scarcely think they will reward
Your reading to the end.





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